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COME ON MY BUM!

COVERGIRL JACQUIE'S READY AND WILLING!

ALL NEW NAKED BABES!

CHLOE
NATHALIE
EVIE
NADIA
LIBBY
CHARLOTTE

OVER-THE DESK-JOB!

TINA'S YOUR SEXY SECRETARY

THE FUTURE OF SEX INSIDE
TECHNOLOGY ISSUE

11
9 770955 181034

THIS MONTH IN CLUB

TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Three Number Eleven

page 14
Tina

Strange times, brothers and sisters. Strange times indeed. I've given up on going out at the weekend and discovered the delights of a Wednesday night. Anyone can go to the pub on a Saturday night, drink ten pints and fall over. It takes a special kind of person to sink seven pints of scrumpy before nine o'clock on a Wednesday and throw up all down their friend's new suit. Still...

Even weirder, I met a new woman. She offered me her handkerchief to wipe my mouth. Of course I declined and used her coat instead. Well, are we not all gentlemen? Anyway, she was drunk enough to give me a snog in the taxi on the way home and after she'd paid the driver, managed to get me up to her bedroom.

I'd like to tell you what happened next but I'm too modest. Well, alright, I can't remember. What I do remember is waking up the next morning with a hangover the size of a St Bruno, rolling down to breakfast, putting my feet up on the kitchen table and thinking, 'Well, I could do worse than a girlie with her own house!'

"Any chance of some fucking scran round here?" I joked, banging a spoon on the table.

That's when the girl's father came in and introduced himself.

Now, I've never been one for violence, unless the other bastard is about three feet tall with a woooden leg, so I leapt to my feet and said, "Good morning, sir," in my poshest voice.

"Come with me, son," said the giant man. I followed him into the lounge where he made me sit down. Then, walking slowly up to the huge fireplace, the huge man took a huge three pronged fork down from the wall.

Then he walked back to where I was sitting and brandished the fork under my nose. I noticed that his knuckles had gone white where he gripped the shaft.

"See that?" he said, looming over me and staring into my bloodshot eyes.

"Y-y-y-yes..." I gulped, expecting to feel the prongs slide up my nose.

"Cost me a fiver," he said.

Weird. But even weirder, his daughter thought I was a crap shag. Some people should be locked up. Enjoy the mag! – The Ed. ♣

She was drunk enough to give me a snog

page 25
Nathalie

Thought of the month:

"When I was a kid me dad took me out bobsleighing. By the end of the first night we'd killed 20 Bobs."

Edinburgh Festival 1994

page 39
Nadia

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in the bag

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF

MY FAVOURITE THING

This month Richard from Harrow sent us this picture of his local bar, Richardsons. "It's my favourite place," he told us proudly. "Sadly, some pissed up revellers nicked the letters R, I, C and S recently and we found them under a bush the next day. Mind you, it's still the best place for a stiff drink and this is the place where everyone hangs out!" Cheers, Dick, you're a star – and next time leave the jokes to us, eh? Send you snaps to 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. ♣

MMM, MIRANDA

Wow! I've just got my hands on the latest issue of Club (Vol 23 No 9) and I could hardly believe my eyes...

The magazine was, of course, absolutely chocca with gorgeous girls, but it was Miranda who really made me put pen to paper. I've always loved the look of women who dress up in leather gear and Miranda certainly didn't disappoint – she looked absolutely sensational!

She's got an amazing figure (almost Amazonian!) with curves in all the right places. I can just imagine peeling off her leather bra and knickers and then frantically licking her until she screamed out loud in orgasm!

Please, let's see more of Miranda soon and preferably in leather again (or how about rubber or PVC?!). – *Jake, Peterborough*

ALL GIRLS TOGETHER!

I've recently finished a four-year course at university in Edinburgh, and during that time I shared a flat with a really nice guy called Peter and we became good friends. Although 'just good friends' is a pretty bad cliché to use, I'd always assumed that's what we were until a recent experience proved otherwise...

We first met each other through mutual friends, and because we shared so much in common (we're both originally from London), it seemed a good idea to share a flat. We became very close and I was able to talk to Peter about practically anything – sex included – and our conversations with each other became very frank.

When we both finished our university course, Peter moved back down to London while I stayed on in Edinburgh. We stayed in touch by letter and when Peter wrote and told me he was visiting Edinburgh, I offered him my sofa for a couple of nights.

Anyway, he turned up at my flat around 10 o'clock last Tuesday night just as I was coming out of the shower, and I sat there in my bathrobe talking to him until the early hours. It was a relief to find that nothing had changed between us and after a couple of glasses of wine I was dying to tell him all about my latest sexual experience.

"Do you remember Stephanie and Colin?" I asked Peter, as he sat there listening intently. "They split up a couple of weeks ago..."

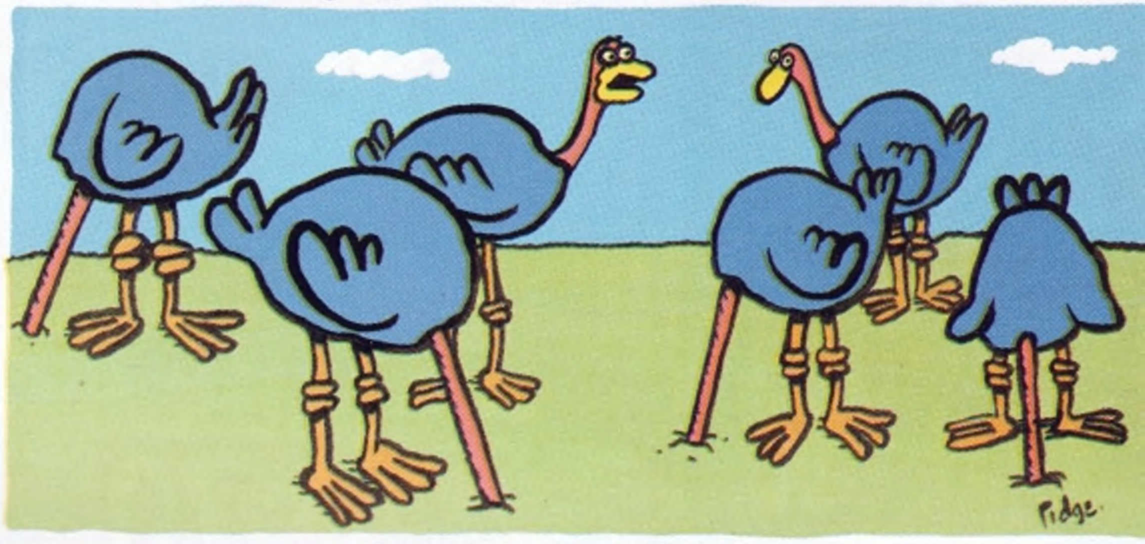
"Don't tell me..." laughed Peter cheekily. "Colin cried on your shoulder, and one thing led to another, huh?!"

"Not exactly," I laughed. "I let Stephanie cry on my shoulder and ended up in bed with her!"

Peter's jaw dropped to the floor and an excited smile spread across his face. "Well, tell me the full story then!" he said.

I explained to Peter that Stephanie had rung late last week. She sounded very upset and asked if she could come round and talk to me. "She was in a right state," I continued. "Tears were pouring down her face and I couldn't make out a word she was saying, so I put my arms around her and gave her a big hug. I was only wearing a dressing gown, and before I knew what was happening, Stephanie slipped her hand inside and started rubbing my tits!"

Peter leant forward, obviously very excited by the revelations he was hearing. "We ended up in bed together that night," I told him. "And I've never experienced anything like it! I've never even kissed another girl before, but Stephanie taught



Derek's lost a contact lens

NIGHT ON THE WRIST

Welcome to **PVC**, Club's very own home shopping channel for the extremely gullible...

We're always proud to get our hands on crap American products that will undoubtedly appear on a shopping channel close to you in the near future, so let's start by getting one off the wrist with the amazing new Telewatch.

Invented by a bunch of eggheads at Microtalk Technology in Minnetonka (no kidding!), the Telewatch is a combination telephone and digital watch that enables you to answer your phone from the comfort of your wrist, though how you're supposed to hold it to your ear and mouth simultaneously is not explained.

The Telewatch also acts as an intercom with anybody else sad enough to own a Telewatch in your home or office, and has a scrambler in case someone decides to eavesdrop on your riveting conversation.

But what really attracted our attention was their description of the product: "accommodates your fingers, yet remains small and perfectly proportioned". Hmm, sounds like a cunt to us (*So does anyone stupid enough to buy it... – The Ed*).

But what if you're so sad and lonely that you don't have any friends to talk to? Well, how about the Telemate from Econologic Technology in Palo Alto?

TALK
INT
HOLD
11 : 12
TeleWatch
1 2 3 4 5 6
* 7 8 9 0 #

Power
Channel+
Channel-
Favorite

me things I had only ever dreamed of."

As I reached the climax of the scenario, Peter was looking rather flushed and writhing in his seat. Then I cast my eyes downwards and saw the unmistakable bulge in his trousers. "Are you feeling okay, Peter?" I asked, attempting to conceal the grin that was quickly spreading across my face.

"I'm fine," he laughed nervously. "It's just that your story is just about the horniest thing I've ever heard!" His voice trailed off and before he said another word, he was over beside me, planting little kisses all over my face. I've never known Peter to do anything like that before and I was very shocked; but I had to admit that I felt incredibly turned on by his behaviour.

Before I knew what I was doing, my hands were desperately clawing at his tee-shirt, my slim fingers running their way over his hairy chest and yanking the shirt over his head. Peter then pulled off his jeans and boxers and I marvelled at the sight of his lean, muscular figure. I'd never looked at Peter in this light before, but I had to admit he was a very sexy man – and he'd been right under my nose for years!

I quickly discarded my

continued on page 39

Telemate is a small transmitter that picks up sound from your television set, letting you listen to the dialogue without actually seeing any of the pictures! We can't really see the point in this useless device – except, of course, when Danny Baker's ugly mug pops up on the box for the fiftieth time in an evening!

Neither Telewatch nor Telemate are available in the shops yet, but you can order them direct from PVC, Club's shopping channel. Simply send us a blank cheque and we'll be happy to get one for you. *(P.S. Don't forget to write the words "I'm a lonely old sod" in the top left hand corner of the envelope to make identification easier.)* ♣

chloe

Photographs by
Bob Twigg

"I might look like a nice girl, but I'm not," purrs 19-year-old Chloe. "Bad girls definitely have a lot more fun! I've always been the naughty type, and as I've grown older I've become even worse.

"Now that I'm a big girl, I'm naughty in bed," she purrs sexily, tracing a finger down over her stomach to her pussy. "I

just love to lure a man back to my place by pretending to be all sweet and innocent and offering him coffee, and a goodnight peck on the cheek if he's lucky. Men just can't seem to resist!

"Then when I get him through the front door I turn into a raving sex siren, ripping his clothes off and dragging him into the bedroom for a night of non-stop shagging!"

Wow, you've left us breathless, Chloe! ♣

FLYING HIGH

Feeling depressed or sad? Then cheer up with **Dean Isherwood** as he reviews four disaster movies out this month...

Fearless
Warner Home Video
Certificate: 15

Airplane movies have been cropping up with an alarming regularity recently. Firstly we had the cannibalism of *Alive*, then the action thriller *Passenger 57* and now we have *Fearless*.

The film tells the story of Max (Jeff Bridges) and Carla (Rosie Perez) who board a short flight, only for the plane to develop engine trouble. Max emerges as a hero after leading his fellow passengers to safety, while Carla isn't so lucky and loses her child.

STEVEN SEAGAL
His battle to save the Alaskan wilderness and protect its people, can only be won...
ON DEADLY GROUND
JULIA ROBERTS
DENZEL WASHINGTON
THE PELICAN BRIEF
Hearts of Darkness
A Filmmaker's Apocalypse
EXCLUSIVELY PACKAGED WITH THE FABER & FABER BOOK, 'NOTES: THE MAKING OF 'APOCALYPSE NOW'' BY ELEANOR COPPOLA
FROM THE DIRECTOR OF "WITNESS" AND "DEAD POETS SOCIETY"
JEFF BRIDGES
FEARLESS
ISABELLA ROSSELLINI
ROSIE PEREZ

Months later, neither of them are able to talk about that day. Max is unwilling to lose the sense of freedom he experienced, while Carla is numb with grief. In desperation, a psychiatrist introduces the two of them.

Of course, the film tugs at the heartstrings, but is not so sickly that it's unwatchable. Jeff Bridges and Rosie Perez play their roles well, while the seriously sexy Isabella Rossellini livens up the proceedings no end.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

On Deadly Ground
Warner Home Video
Certificate: TBC

For my money, Steven Seagal manages to make Sly Stallone look like Noel Coward and this film merely strengthens that opinion.

Mr Seagal, who produced and directed the film, casts himself as Forrest Taft, an oil rig worker who discovers the bosses at the Ageis Oil Company are polluting the environment in Alaska and destroying the livelihoods of the native Inuit people.

Unable to help themselves, the natives turn to Forrest who liberates them, gets the girl, kills the baddies and saves the planet in this ecological action movie. A humourless monologue at the end of the film, where Seagal appeals to us all to be more environmentally aware, had me in stitches. Hopeless.

Rating: ✓

The Pelican Brief
Warner Bros
Certificate: 12

Julia Roberts plays Darby Shaw, a law student who uncovers a plot involving corruption in the Government. When two judges are assassinated, she prepares a legal brief speculating as to why they were killed.

Of course, the documents fall into the wrong hands and Darby finds she's the object of some unwanted attention. Bombs explode, bullets fly and she manages to get through all the mayhem without a scratch.

If you like thrillers, then you'll like this. Julia Roberts is perfect as the crime-bustin' heroine, while Denzil Washington is cool as the reporter who shouts a lot, jumps over walls and helps Julia crack the case.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

VIDEO OF THE MONTH
Hearts Of Darkness
Tartan Video
Certificate: 15

A documentary about the making of a film might not sound interesting, and you'd be right. But when the film in question took ten years to make, cost $30 million and involved a grotesque catalogue of mishaps, then it's essential viewing.

When Francis Ford Coppola made *Apocalypse Now*, his wife Eleanor trailed him filming every move and capturing what turned out to be *Hearts Of Darkness*. When Martin Sheen had a breakdown during filming and then suffered a heart attack, Eleanor was there to capture his pain. The documentary is a shocking behind-the-scenes look and is both painful and funny.

Marlon Brando turned up without knowing his lines, Dennis Hopper was so fucked on drugs that he didn't even know what day it was, while most of the crew admit that they were on a cocktail of LSD, dope and speed during the months it took to shoot the film in the Philippines. Coppola had other problems; it was the monsoon season and he frequently lost his set due to flooding. Add to this that the Philippines was at war and the helicopters that were on loan were regularly taken away to fight the Communists and you've got some idea of the problems he had.

Apocalypse Now was released and was a success, but watching this film you realise how close it came to disaster. Brilliant.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓✓

RATINGS
unmissable, a classic ✓✓✓✓✓✓
definitely worth watching ✓✓✓✓✓
fairly good ✓✓✓✓
average ✓✓✓
yawn, fast forward ✓✓
appalling ✓

TINNY TELLY

It's amazing the crap that comes in cans these days. If it wasn't bad enough having Angus Deayton trying to persuade us that we really want to drink iced tea, now there's iced TV. That's right, telly in a can. Fucking amazing, huh? Let's have a look at some of the programmes that are currently available on this miracle of pointless technology.

SNOW JOKE

It's winter – time for the impromptu hilarity of throwing a snowball at a friend! But what if there is no snow around? Well, simply ring Snowball Express and they'll post one round right away.

No shit, Snowball Express is a mail-order company specialising in delivering genuine Utah snowballs. The snow is sealed in plastic globes and packed in dry ice to keep it in perfect throwing condition, ready for that spontaneous slapstick prank. Overnight delivery is guaranteed to any part of the world – though the bastards in the Post Office will probably flatten it trying to get it through your letterbox.

Unfortunately snowball flights work out rather expensive. Each missile costs £15, exclusive of delivery. DHL told us a snowball overnight from the US would cost around £40. What's more, they say, it stands a snowball's chance in Hell of getting here intact. Customs will insist on opening and examining it, during which time your £15 snowball will turn into a pool of water. Great! ♣

SPUD-U-FIRE

Good news, potato-heads, the spud gun has grown up! The piddly little pistol that fired lumps of King Edward has turned into a hand-held Howitzer. This bazooka will propel a full-sized baker or boiler at your enemy, mashing his mush and turning him into a total vegetable if you hit him between the eyes.

There's no need to peel your potato either. A 2lb red is simply inserted into the barrel and an explosive charge will send it flying into the face of your foe. Yes, we'd love one! I think I speak for the entire editorial department of Club when I say we can think of a few people who'd benefit from a couple of uncooked Maris Pipers fired up their arse! Danny Baker, for one. ♣

We start the evening with *The Seven Up O'Clock News* which was to be followed by *The Eric and Irn Bru Show*, but that got ring-pulled at the last minute 'cos the joke wasn't very good. Instead at 8 o'clock there was *A Bitter Lemon, Fry and Laurie* followed by another case for that overpriced, ice-cool lawyer *Perrier Mason Holiday On Liptonice* and finishing with a second chance to see those hilarious owners of a junk food yard, *Schweppe-toe & Son.*

Finally we round off the evening with an omnibus two-litre edition of *Corona Nation Street* with Ribena Sharples *(She's dead... – The Ed)*.

CASIO
Can-Tele
★TV-350★
LCD COLOR TELEVISION
CASIO COMPUTER CO.,LTD
CASIO

Pause for canned laughter... ♣

OOP NORTH

Is there such a thing as the North/South divide? We'll let you draw your own conclusions...

Kevin Braithwaite, Voice of the North

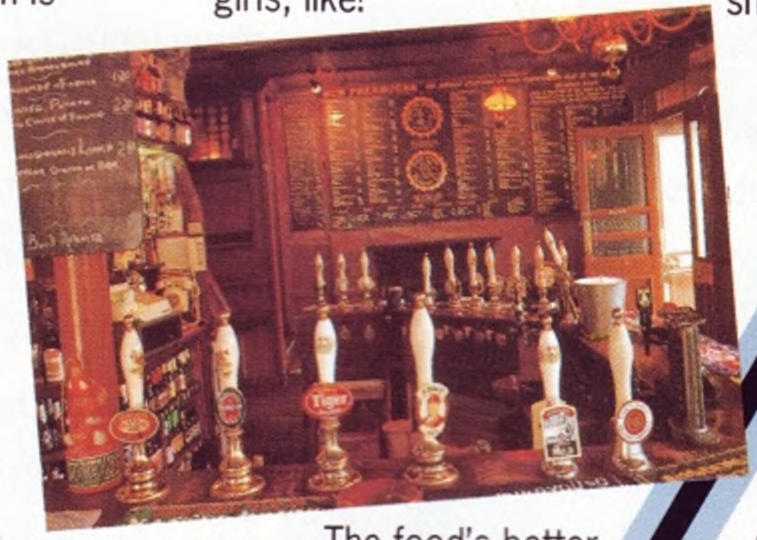
I'll tell you what pal, I'm a straight talker and if I offend anyone, good! I'm rude, right, and if you'd like to argue the toss, I'll meet you in the chippie any Friday neet after chucking out time. And bring yer bloody whippet too.

Ya know, I hate them bloody Southerners. They're all as soft as shite, right, but they think they're hard. Come December, right, they'll all be wearing coats! What the fook's wrong with a cap-sleeved tee-shirt?

There's only three types of Southern poofs, right? There's them Del-boy Daley types who sell scrap metal and car radios off the back of their barrows down the Old Kent Road at the weekend. Secondly, you've got them long-haired, druggy types who are on t'dole, which is about £600 a week or summat down there. All they do all day is smoke draw and drink fookin' cocktails all day. Finally, you've got famous folk who are the largest of the groups. All these famous people have something to hide – they know what I'm talking about. They're bloody disgusting and I won't have owt to do with 'em. Like even if I'm watching telly, right, and someone famous comes on, I have to switch it off and give someone a proper hiding, like. Unless it's Gazza, of course, he's one of us and he's a proper champion lad.

I went down to London once, like, and they charge £25 for a fookin' pint! You can always spot the Northern lads in London. They're the ones who sleep in the street, like, because they're too hard to live in a house like all those cockney poofs.

Look, pal, it's a different way of life up here. People think it's all swigging ale and smoking tabs, but there's a lot more to life. Like fighting and chucking up – and that's just the girls, like!



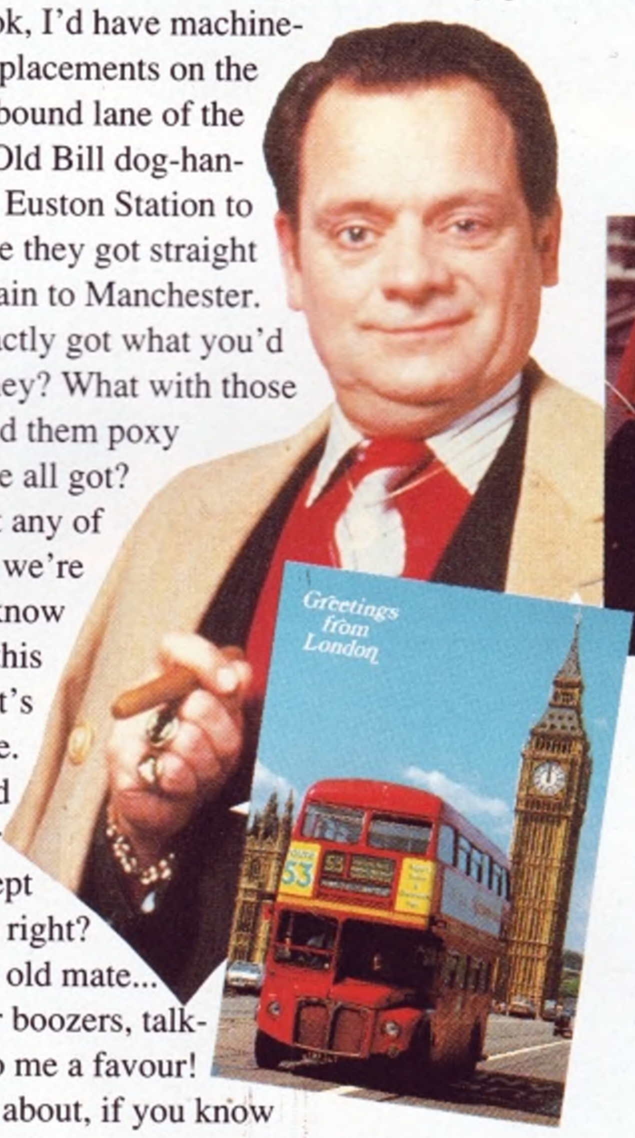
The food's better here an' all; we don't go for all that Nouvelle Cuisine bollocks – you know kebabs and all that shite. Poof's food. I had to give this fella in our chippie a smack the other night 'cos he ordered a saveloy. A fookin' saveloy! That's a poof's order, innit?

That's it really, like. They're all posh poofs in the South. Even the women. And if I lived there I'd be a posh poof too... Christ, I'd have to give meself a proper smack...

Dave Weaver, The Mouth from the South

I work up in the City, up the old Stock Exchange. Yeah, you could say I'm a high flier. I mean, it's not your normal 9 to 5. There's a lot of pressure on, and sometimes I have to work all night. Because you've got to have what it takes to be a security guard up there. Course, I've got other irons in the fire. See this watch? Genuine Rolex that, couple of grand's worth that is. Handsome watch, eh? I can get you some if you want, £25 a throw. But listen, I don't want you knocking them out on my manor.

What Northerners? You mean like Islington, Finsbury Park, Tottenham, all them manors? Do what? North of England?! Oh my good God alive! Look, I'd have machine-gun placements on the Southbound lane of the M1 and Old Bill dog-handlers at Euston Station to make sure they got straight back on the train to Manchester. They ain't exactly got what you'd call class, have they? What with those string vests and them poxy 'taches what they've all got? No mate. We don't want any of that down here. Course, we're more sophisticated, if you know what I mean. Here, look at this right, this is the latest thing – it's called a portable phone. It's brilliant, cost me a grand and one day, like in the year 2000 or something, everyone'll have one. Except for them Northerners, right? And I'll tell you why, me old mate... All they do all day is hang around in their boozers, talking about unemployment. Unemployment? Do me a favour! Bleedin' lazy more like! There's always work about, if you know where to look. What about the Kray triplets? Me old mum knew them boys and they were right geezers, they weren't into nuffin' dodgy – just a bit of honest blagging.



And here's another thing! What's the biggest industry in this country? Tourists, right? We've got Buckingham Palace, the Post Office building and Tower of London, bleedin' marvellous the lot of them. They've got absolutely nothing up North. The Lake District? Naah, mate?! People ain't gonna travel halfway around the world to watch a load of scroungers nicking coal off slag heaps in Durham are they? Another thing, why can't they speak proper English? All that, "Ooor arr the nooo, pet. Yaki da boyo, I be from Neeeewcastle in Yeerkshire to be sure, geezer" bollocks. I mean, do *what*? It's not your pukka Shakespearean English like me and the Queen speaks is it? You know, like "Nippeth over to my manor and we will haveth a couple of sherbets, err, forsooth my old fella, err, I mean geezer".

Nah mate, Northerners, don't make me laugh... ♣

DAARN SOUTH

tina hayes
sex babe!

Hello again, fellas! Thanks for all the naughty suggestions that have been pouring into the Club office – you've given me some great ideas for forthcoming shoots, but this month I've something special for you. So many of you wrote in asking me to be your sexy secretary that I just couldn't resist...

Although I've never worked in an office before, as soon as I slipped my smart suit and spectacles on I felt really horny. It's a very sexy look, but what makes it even better is what I was wearing underneath! Silk knickers, a matching bra and knee-length socks – you'd just have to say, "Could you take something down, Miss Hayes?" and I guarantee I wouldn't be reaching for my dictation pad!

To be honest, I'm not sure I could really concentrate on my work though – I'd be too busy rubbing my aching clitty as I imagined seducing the boss! I don't think there's many men that could resist me as I leant over the desk, my bum high in the air as I wiggled it from side-to-side!

By the end of the shoot I was feeling very aroused – it's so much fun being Club's regular girl and acting out all these naughty fantasies!

Remember, keep all those naughty letters coming (I read every single one!) and I'll see you all again next month. Bye for now, fellas!

Tina
xx

If you want TINA to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.

Photographs by Maria Clarke

letters to tina

Dear Tina,
I just had to write in and tell you how pleased I was to see you in Club. You are the most beautiful girls to have ever graced the pages of the magazine. Gorgeous eyes, a pouting mouth, a pair of firm tits, a perfect bum and the sweetest-looking pussy I've ever seen.

My girlfriend, Laura, and I both read through Club together and we just had to write in and tell you of our fantasy. It's my birthday next month and Laura has arranged an extra-special surprise... you!

I come home from work and find both you and Laura in the bedroom dressed identically: short skirt, skintight top and white panties. "Do Tina first," says Laura, and she watches as I lay you down on the floor, spread your legs, pull your panties to one side and start tongueing your pussy. I'd keep licking your clitty until you came over my face – then I'd start on Laura.

As I do, you peel off your clothes and lie naked on the bed. It doesn't take long for Laura to climax and then I watch as she joins you on the bed for a bit of lezzie action. I can't contain myself and join you, rolling both you and Laura onto your hands and knees and then taking turns to fuck you both doggy style!

I hope you like my fantasy, Tina. Maybe you'd like to come and join us?! – *Jason and Laura, Wrexham*

Your fantasy certainly had me short of breath, Jason! I'm sure that the three of us could have quite a party together – and we'd certainly give you a present to remember!

Dear Tina,
First of all, congratulations on your appointment as the regular girl in Club. I have to say that you possess an amazing body; pert breasts, a curvy bum and an irresistable pussy. You really are my idea of a perfect woman and I couldn't resist writing in with my fantasy..

I play in a local rock band and I can just imagine spotting you in the crowd at one of our concerts. Dressed in ripped jeans and a cropped top that displays your cleavage, I direct my performance towards you. After the show you follow me and the band backstage. You walk into my dressing room and begin to remove your clothes.

I move towards you and begin to plant kisses all over your breasts while my hands work down and unfasten your jeans. As they fall to the floor, I kiss my way down to your pussy and plant my tongue in your slit. You are very wet and it doesn't take long before an intense orgasm grips you.

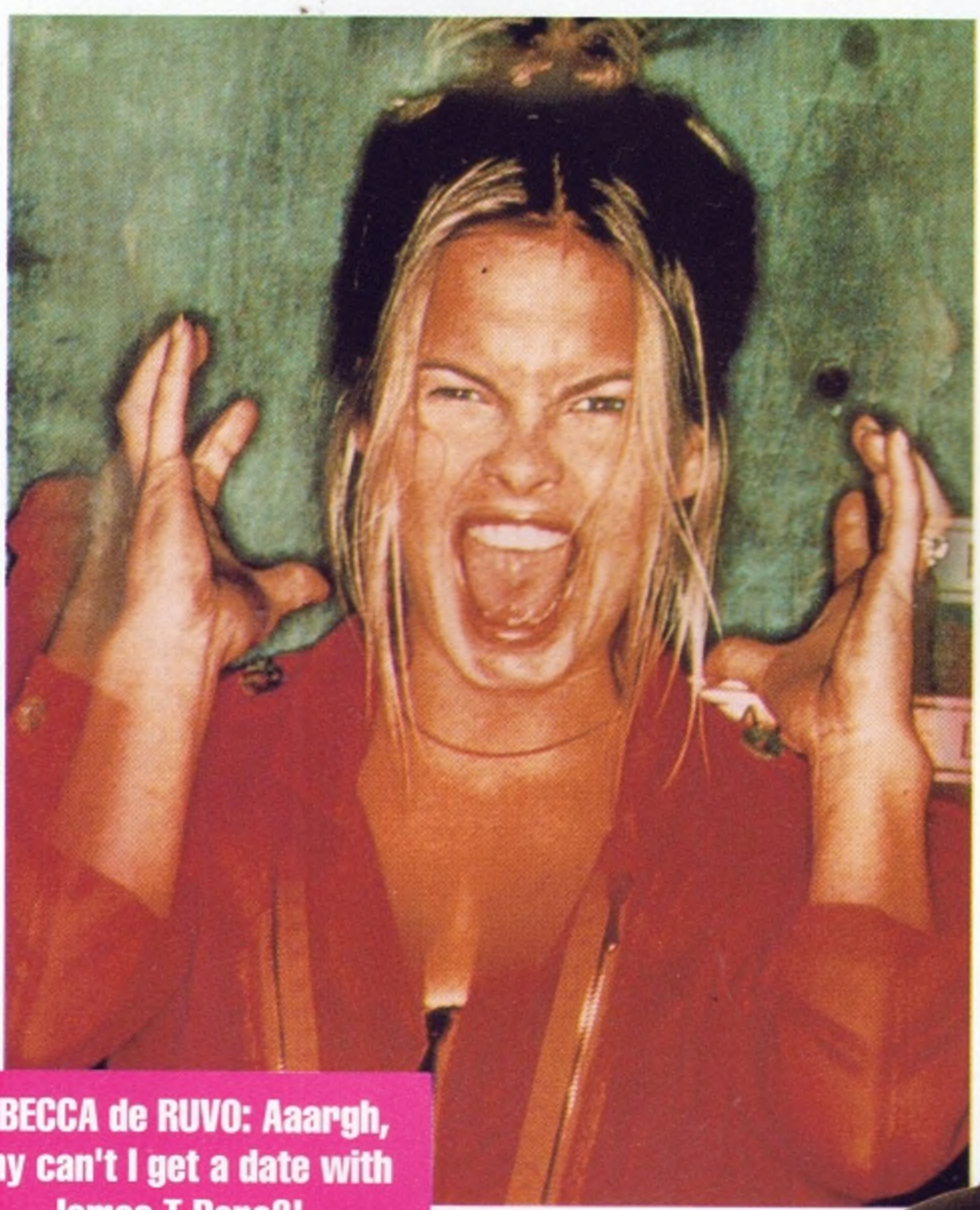
I'm sure we could manage an encore, Tina, but I'll leave that part to your imagination! – *Richard, Goole*

*Wow, that sounds like music to my ears, Richard! I've always liked loud rock music as a soundtrack to sex, but even better is a raucous rocker who knows what to do with his instrument! I'd be screaming my head off as you fucked me hard until we both came, then we'd start all over again! Now that sounds good, huh?! – **Tina*** ♣

A FIT OF HYSTERIX

He's to music journalism what Mother Theresa is to freefall parachuting. Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together for **James T Bone**...

We like a band with, erm, bollocks here at Club (anyone remember All New Accelerators?), so when The Ed of this illustrious organ kept bumping into various members of **Hysterix** during his hedonistic after-hours activities, we decided to find out a little bit more about them.



REBECCA de RUVO: Aaargh, why can't I get a date with James T Bone?!

Signed to the devastatingly hip DeConstruction label (home to Kylie and M People), the band's nocturnal recreational pursuits – i.e. shaking a leg, getting a nose-up and letting off steam at a variety of hip and cool clubs – is reflected in their dance-oriented sound. There's three blokes in the band – Richard, Darren and Tony – but the first person to catch your eye is Sally Marsh, a cheeky scuzzball of energy who looks like she wants her skirt to verify the laws of gravity. Finally, the icing on the cake is Marie Harper, the sexiest lead vocalist this side of St Etienne.

They've already released one single, *Must Be The Music*, which was criminally overlooked despite being expertly remixed by the best producers around, including Sasha and K-Klass. They had planned a video for the record, but the band went AWOL in Mexico with a crate of tequila instead! This is also the band that jetted across to Paris for a Jean-Michelle Jarre party, and then started knocking back £280 bottles of champagne like it was mineral water.

A whole thirty-six months have passed since they released their first single, and it doesn't look as if the band are in a hurry to follow it up. The bleary, saucer-shaped eyes tell us what they've been busy doing – and it ain't slogging their guts out in the studio! For that alone, we're more than happy to recommend them...

HYSTERIX: No laughing matter...

● DJs who make records should be shot in my humble opinion, but I think we can make an exception when it comes to **Rebecca de Ruvo.**

The 24-year-old used to be a veejay on MTV and has branched out onto vinyl with the release of her first single, *I Caught You Out*.

She was recently voted the ninth-best looking women in the world and she can sing too. Honest.

● After such a long wait, it was a tad disappointing to discover that **Kylie Minogue's** new single, *Confide In Me*, turned out to be a bit of a stinker. But we soon forgot all about that when we clamped our eyes on the accompanying press shot of Kylie in curlers sipping a cup of morning coffee. How come my missus never looks like that first thing in the morning, huh?

KYLIE MINOG
Brewing up
storm...

● Another lady close to our hearts is **Madonna**. She was interviewed by Norman Mailer in a recent edition of *Esquire*. The magazine billed it as a great meeting of minds: She is America's First Lady Of Sex, He Is The Grand Old Man of American Letters and all that bollocks. And what earth shattering conclusion did the eminent writer come to about the raunchy singer. "Did anyone ever say that you have a resemblance to Princess Diana?" Fascinating, huh?

● Plans to erect a memorial statue of Nirvana's **Kurt Cobain** in his hometown of Aberdeen, USA have been scuppered after bassist Kris Novoselic threatened to personally take a hammer to the monument if it ever materialised. Quite right too.

● Look out for ex-Radio 1 DJ, **Tommy Vance**, appearing on hardcore porn channel VH-1 in the near future. Thankfully he hasn't made a career change into blue movies, but the channel has bought up the rights to *The Old Grey Whistle Test* and will be screening episodes, presented by Tommy, in the near future. Phew, thank God for that...

● Yikes, that lumbering beast which acted as a revival for waning careers back in the mid-Eighties has come back to haunt us once more. Yes, the charity single is upon us again. **Music Relief 94** sees the awesome talents and inflated egos of **Nik Kershaw**, Go West, John

Farnham and Big Country who between them plan to massacre Marvin Gaye's classic, *What's Goin' On*.

Why these people can't just dip their hands into their pockets and donate cash direct is a complete mystery to me. But, hey, it's all for charity, folks.

- Incidentally, **All New Accelerators** (the Ed's drinking buddies, funnily enough) have a single out on Acupuncture Records. Sadly, we haven't heard it yet: the Ed left it in the pub after being out for a few sherries with the band.

- Finally, **Luke Goss** has landed well and truly on his feet. The ex-Bros singer and his group, Band Of Thieves, have just been signed to the ultra-cool One Little Indian record label, home to Bjork, The Shamen and Credit To The Nation. Rumours that the A&R man responsible for this cruel deed is a tone-deaf, blind mute who also thought Modern Romance were the future of pop are believed to be completely true. Allegedly. *(P.S. If the frighteningly Aryan Luke Goss even scrapes into the Top 40 with his next single, I'll feed my penis into a Moulinex. Really.)* ♣

ALL NEW ACCELERATORS
KNOB

ALL NEW ACCELERATORS: A band with, erm, balls

nathalie

Photographs by Jack Harr

TRAILERS

Here at Club, we like women who wear boots. It seems to set them apart from the crowd and says something about them. "Yeah, get too fresh and you'll receive a swift kick in the nuts!" laughs Nathalie cheekily. "Only joking, lads. Honest."

The no-nonsense fashion student from Burnley even claims to keep her boots on

between the sheets. "I'll lie back on the bed completely naked – apart from my boots," she purrs.

"Then I'll ask a fella to get 'em off as quick as he can! If he can manage it under ten seconds, then I know I've got a real fast mover on my hands! Clever, huh?!"

We should say so, Nathalie! ♣

TRAILER'S

SEX AND THE SI

Eveybody's doing it – or are they? Techno bod, **Gavin Hill**, takes a look at Cybersex and ends up feeling a little frustrated...

Book now to avoid the rush. **Cybersex** will soon be transporting you to heights of ecstasy as yet unimaginable. However, like the thrusting Le Shuttle zooming into the huge hole of Le Tunnel, progress has been both slow and painful. As the 21st century dawns, there are many inventions that would set me tingling with excitement. A self-rolling joint or a car that runs on milk would be very handy, for instance. But the idea of shoving an electrocuted prod up the tradesman's entrance is not something that will send me skipping into 2001 with a smile on my face.

The Cybersex spiel has been touted around for quite a while now. The basic idea is a bit like the Orgasmatron in Woody Allen's hilarious film, *The Sleeper*. The potential Cyber-sexer jumps into an electronic suit and via clever use of computers, they can indulge in all their lurid sexual fantasies. They see, feel and generally throb in a world of shameless acts. Though at the moment, the practise does not live up to the theory and there is an increasing belief that the theory is pure fantasy anyway. Let's just say that if you put a washing machine on a spin cycle, sat on it and watched *Baywatch*, you'd already be about ten steps ahead of the current Cybersex scene.

However, the lack of real Cybersex doesn't seem to have dampened the digital ardour of the ever-growing legions of techno-pervs. They even have their own bible, the monthly magazine *Future Sex*. "If *Mondo 2000* is *Life* and *Wired* is *Time*, then *Future Sex* is the *Playboy* of the 90s," one of its readers pointed out in a recent letters page. The other magazines it referred to are the increasing number of
are termed "New Edge" magazines. New Edge is
New Age with a computer and a modem attached
Edge swingers scan the pages of *Future Sex* for in
tion on computerised copulation. Alas it's always
few byts away from reality and even the adverts
really convince. What Cyber gadgetry is available see
owe more to Heath Robinson than William Gibson.

For instance, $179.95 will get you a **PES Electro Stim**
Box. It looks like the transformer system for a Hornby train se
not sure what you do with it, but I'm conv
you could have more fun with a
Scalectrix and a cup of cocoa.

The Electro Butt Plug
$119.95 is far less enigma
"The charge of a lifetime,
claims. "An attractive ac
plug that stimulates the
ter. Available in three si
Just how you measure
of an asshole is beyon

The quest for Cybers
inevitably trudges ont
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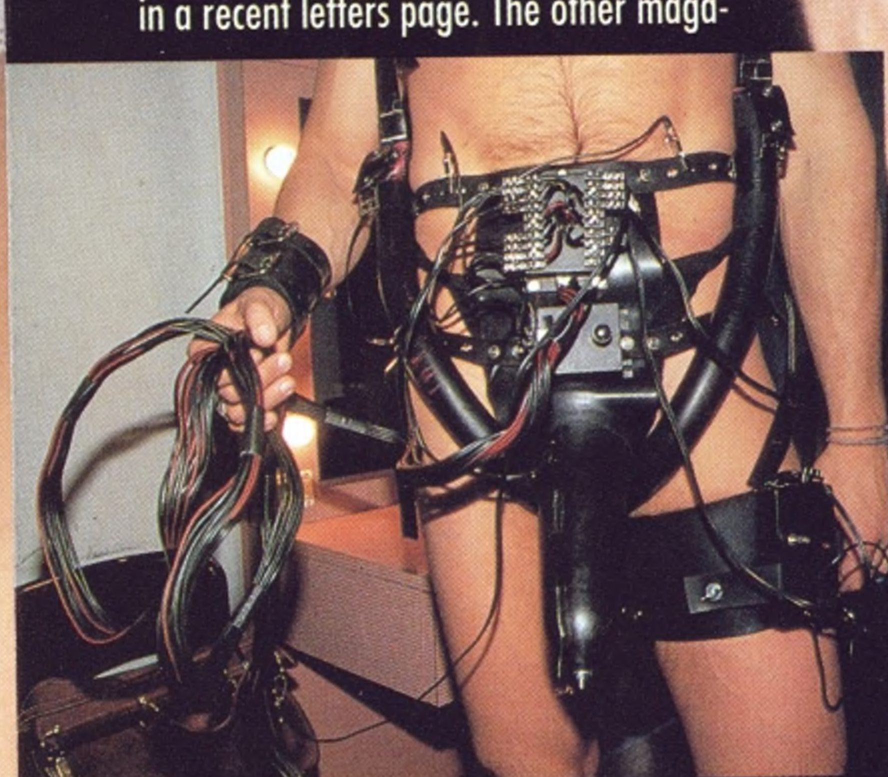
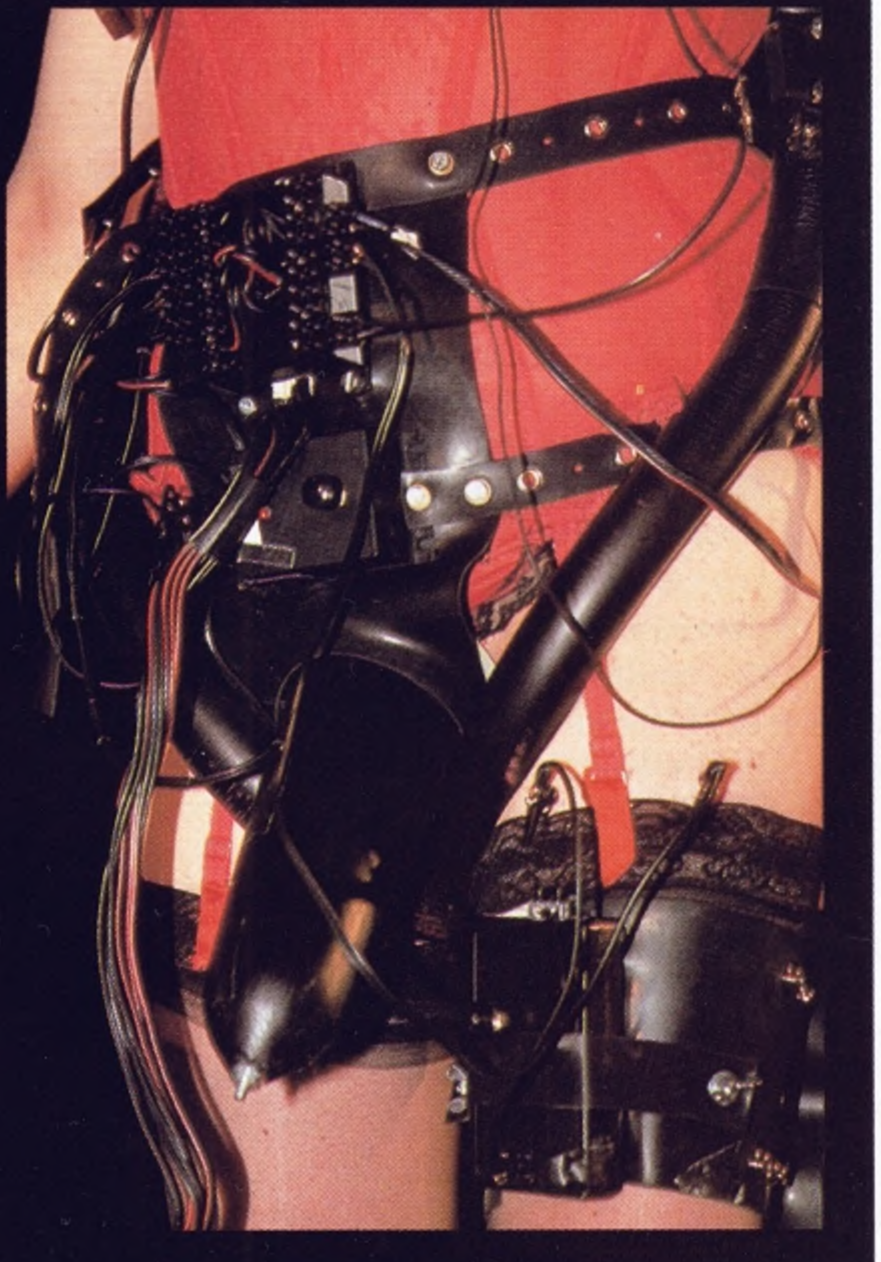


GLE MORON

they say. Apparently similar devices are used to extract the semen from prize bulls.

The sadness of all these endeavours is somewhat muted by the fact that we live in the age of HIV and Aids. The search for something safe and satisfying is probably quite an admirable one. Unfortunately I can't really help thinking that risking 240 volts up through your arse with a bull-tossing machine doesn't qualify you for anything except a long course of therapy. Understandably, what people are really searching for is the fulfilment of their fantasies. If fifty watts of butt plug up your jacksie is the culmination of our desires then perhaps it's time for a major rethink. Birds and bees suddenly fly into view, methinks. ♣



READERS' LIVES

Snot-nosed punk, **Adam Porter**, pulls on his fake Armanis and heads off in search of a good party... and fails

A thick lump of gluey phlegm is pinning my lip to my shoulder. I sit upright and the phlegm stretches taut, forming a lime green umbilical cord from my face to what once was a very sharp – albeit fake – Ralph Lauren jacket. I try to wipe it off on my newspaper only to find it congeals with the newsprint leaving green and black globules over my face. Dazed, desperate and delirious, I stagger to my feet and try to make sense of my predicament. Where am I? Who am I? Why does my head feel so fucking awful?

As I stumble down a set of winding stairs, the realisation comes all to quickly. I'm at Debden Station in Essex. It's Sunday morning and yet again I have both over-indulged and overslept. Yes, yet again the N96 night bus has chauffeured me to the end of its journey. I'm twenty miles from home, I've got 60p and a pair of woman's knickers in my pocket. As I stagger off to find a cashpoint and a cab, the smell of urine hits my nostrils. I look down at my steaming trousers and cry. Same old Sunday morning.

It's always hard trying to remember a Saturday night on the pull. This episode was especially difficult. Apparently the subconscious blocks anything that's traumatic. Perhaps that's why it's taken me a week to come to terms with the truth. That is, last Saturday night I was thrown out of a West End club because I bit a pair of knickers off a girl who was dancing on a podium.

It all started when I met a few mates for an early evening drink. There was a happy hour at the bar and I opted for a jug of Bloody Mary. I was soon gabbing away, staring at the hordes of attractive babes that frequent the joint. The conversation turned to this year's female fashions.

I explained that I'd been very taken with the 'baby-doll' look (all skimpy night dresses and boots). In fact, I admitted that I had spent most of the summer drooling in bars, clubs and various M&S's; my eyes leering at every high hemline and bouncing bra-top. I think I had been slowly turning into a bit of a 'baby-doll' pervert.

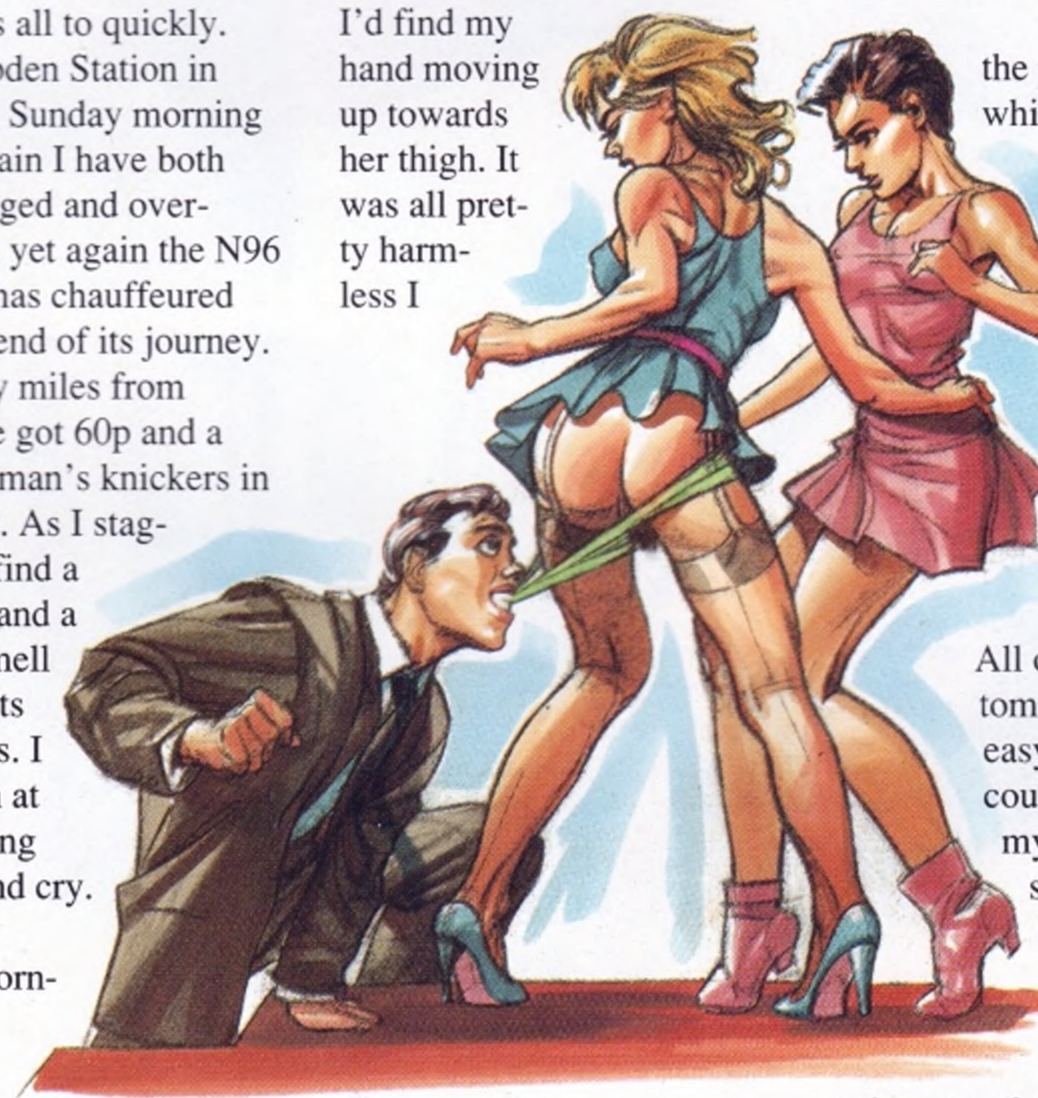
Every time a girl went past I used to imagine sticking my hand up her skirt. It had even got to the stage where if a girl was close enough to me, I'd find my hand moving up towards her thigh. It was all pretty harmless I thought. Well, it was until I tried this stuff called GHB...

I happened upon this 'legal high' in a sex shop. It's a bottled liquid and it transports you on a one-way ticket to Hell. You sip it and then feel like doing anything you want, and several things you don't. At the same time breathing becomes an effort and living hardly seems worthwhile. It's magic.

Buoyed with excitement, I went onto a club called *Smashing!*. I had been supping away at the bar considering my next move when, to my amazement, I found my sweaty paws planted firmly on this girl's twin mounds of bum. Her buttocks smoothed across my palm as my 'baby-doll' obsession hit hard. By the time she turned around, screaming her head off, the realisation of my misdeed had hit me and this – along with the GHB – had propelled me across the dancefloor amongst the mass of bodies. At once I felt safe, then I was gripped again. There, amongst those poor souls lost in music, I was the bug-eyed buttock burglar. And boy, did I steal some souls that night...

The place seemed alive with bums. Bottoms were pinched, stroked, nobbled and, in one case, puckered. The crowd was in uproar. It ended sadly.

I found my swea paws planted on a gi twin mounds of bu

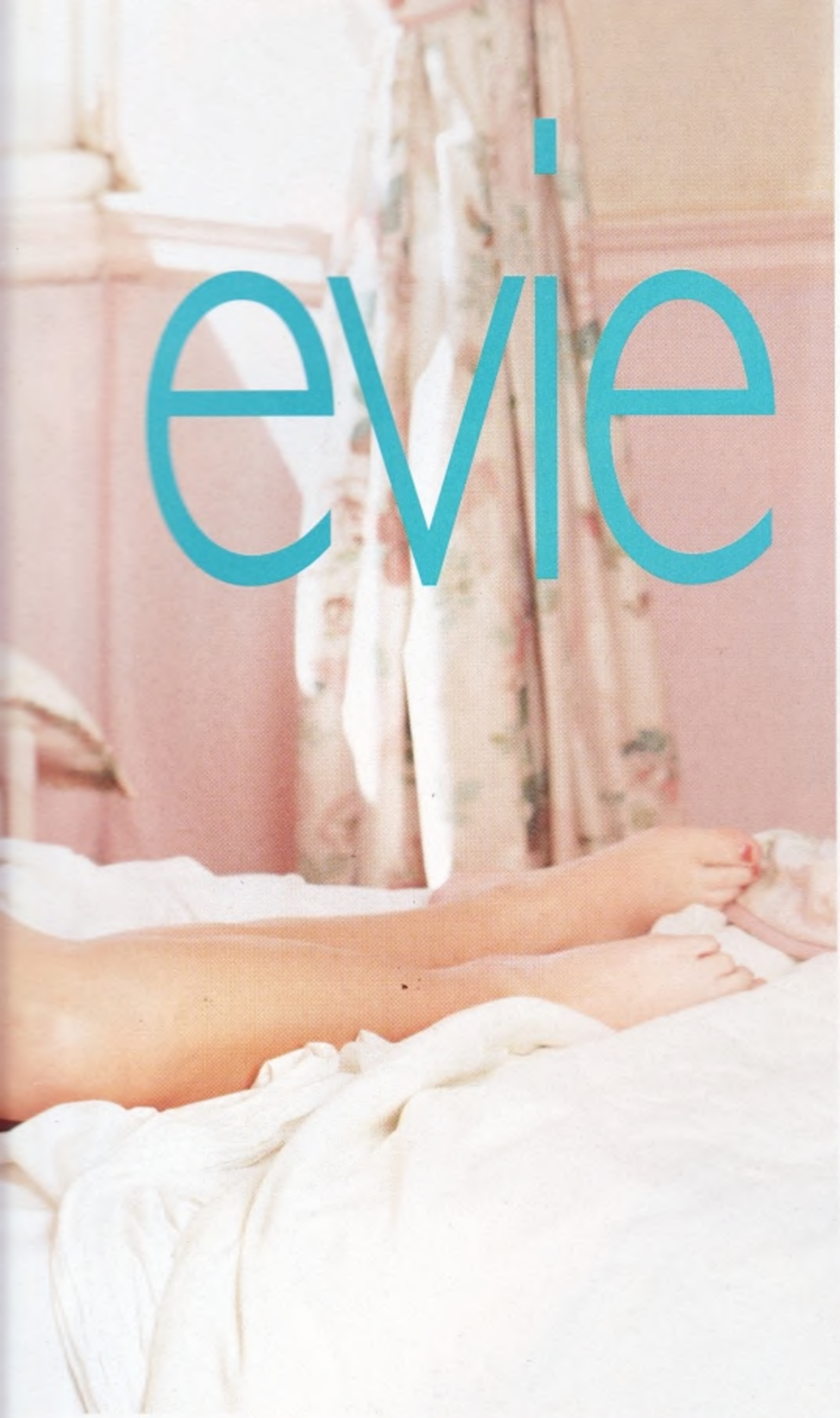


I soon noticed the divide between the dancefloor and the podium upon which many young women were dancing. They must have been elevated at least three feet above the dancefloor and I quickly moved closer. All of a sudden bottoms were within easy reach and I couldn't help myself. In one swooping move, I attempted to remove the knickers from one girl who passed too close. They ripped off effortlessly and caught like dental floss between my teeth. I growled and bit her arse.

There was screaming and the music stopped. Some bright spark from the gallery shone a spotlight in my face. "There he is!" shouted the girl from the original barside incident. A mass of bouncers appeared from nowhere. I remembered puking as one of them hit me, but the GHB seemed to make it all so much fun.

The cold night air did nothing to sober me. I fumbled, bumbled and stumbled up the Charing Cross Road. Thankfully there was a night bus at the stop. At least I think there was... ♣

evie



Twenty-year-old Evie is the sort of girl who likes to say "yes!". The busty brunette works for a major high street bank in Leeds where she guarantees to raise more than just your interest!

"It's a shame that I'm stuck behind a counter all day," says Evie ruefully. "I've been told that I've got a great pair of legs,

Photographs by Bob Twigg

and posing in Club gives me a chance to show them off – along with the rest of me, of course!

"I've often fantasised about standing up on the counter and doing a slow striptease right in front of the customers," laughs Evie sexily. "I'm sure that would soon have them all losing their deposits!"

You can bank on it, Evie! ♣

SCENARIO
The Art Photography Magazine
CLASSIC & CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHIC IMAGES

ARTY TARTY

Is it a book? Is it a mag? No, it's **Scenario**, a new quarterly 100 page collection of photographs that are stunning and extremely sexy...

Okay, it's ten quid and it's almost entirely black-and-white but Scenario is pretty damn saucy! Billed as an art photography magazine, and currently only available in the South East, this posh paperback is filled with tasteful male and female nudes, a bit of bondage and some lovely rubbery stuff. In short, you get everything you'd find in one of those £30 fetish books but at a third of the price – and there's a new one every three months! There are even a few words in it – though they tend to be pretentious features about photographers rather than anything raunchy.

Still this book of babes is well worth it if you can find one. Currently only on sale in those arty shops that look down on anyone who hasn't got Windsor and Newton down his jumper or a Nikon round his neck, the best way to get a copy is to write to P.O. Box 900, Croydon CR9 6AG. In fact, it's so classy, it might even inspire your girlfriend to whip her kit off for a few mucky monochromes snaps of your own. Worth a try... ♣

continued from page 5

bathrobe and practically jumping on top of him, I wrapped my fingers around his shaft and guided his prick inside my wet pussy. Pushing him onto his back on the sofa, I started bobbing up and down on his crotch and we moved together in perfect rhythm.

His thick cock stretched my pussy as far as it would go, sending shivers of intense pleasure right through me and I threw my head back in delight as I was hit by the first wave of orgasm.

PAY HERE
LIVE SEX SHOW!
Martin

Wanking or non-wanking, sir?

Peter then moved his mouth to meet my breasts and started to gently lick and suck my engorged nipples. I gasped loudly as he pushed my breasts together into one mound and tried to take as much of the flesh into his mouth as possible.

I looked down to see Peter's contorted face and realised that he was close to coming. "Let's move onto the floor." I gasped, as we rolled off the sofa. I moved onto my hands and knees with my bum sticking high in the air. "Fuck me from behind," I told him.

Holding his dick in his hand, he aimed right at my gaping, wet hole and slowly pushed his length inside me. I screamed loudly as I felt every delicious inch penetrate me deeply and another orgasm pulsed through me. "Frig my clitty," I begged him. "Make me come again!"

Peter reached down between my legs and started furiously rubbing my

continued on page 90

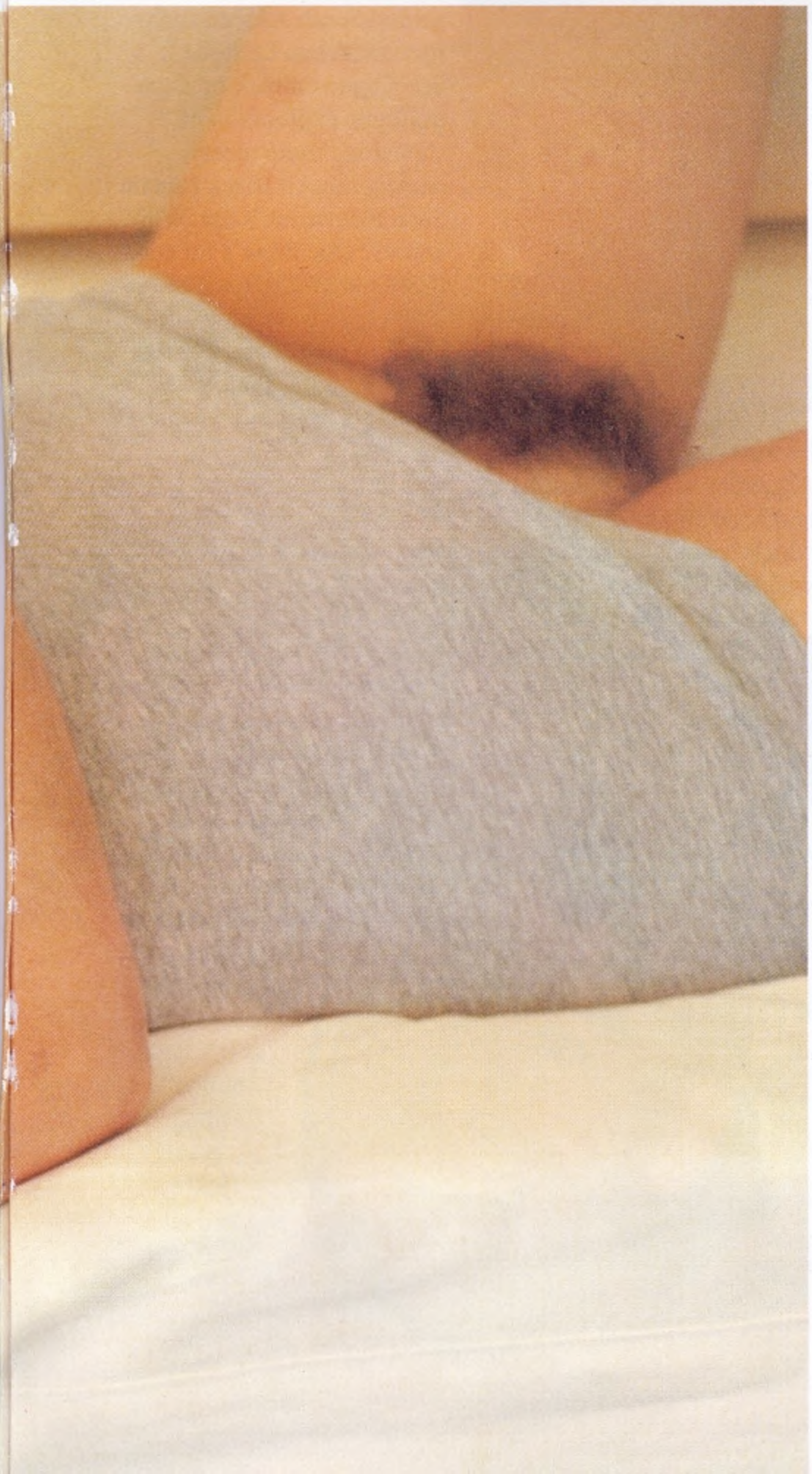
Photographs by Emilio Lari

nadia

How about a big 'bonjour' for Nadia, the naughty native of Paris, France? The drama student recently spent the summer in Bordeaux picking and treading grapes to make the region's finest export. Come to think of it, Nadia herself could easily be described along similar lines to the famous wine: full-bodied and slightly fruity...

"And I bet you think I go down just as easily," teases the 19-year-old. "Yeah, I've heard all the jokes before! I'll even bet you're going to say I'm delicious at room temperature with a bit of British beef. Right?"

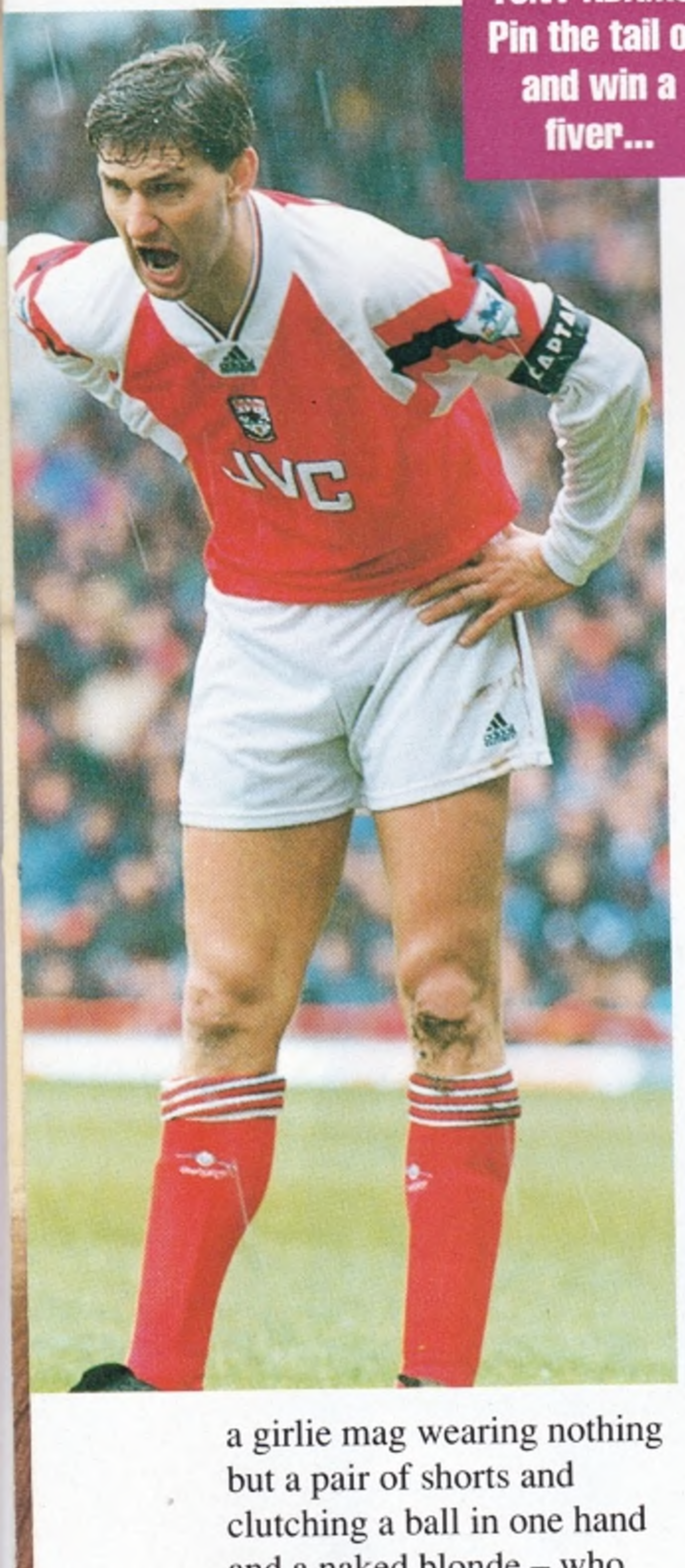
What a corker, eh, fellas! *(That's quite enough wine-related puns, thank you! – The Ed).* ♣



SOUR KRAUTS

Homo-erotic aftershave ads, raunchy bowls fanatics and beery lager labels – yes, **Maurice Short** takes another probing look at the world of sport...

I suppose it was inevitable that at some point the wandering hippy, Jurgen Klinsmann, should end up in Britain *(After all, he seems to have copied his hairstyle from Terry Griffiths – The Ed)*. The former Internazionale and Monaco player is certainly the best Kraut forward since Gerhardt Muller, the stocky Bavarian star of the 70s. Muller once shocked the German football authorities by appearing in a girlie mag wearing nothing but a pair of shorts and clutching a ball in one hand and a naked blonde – who bore an uncanny resemblance to Gunter Netzer – in the other. Muller was also affectionately known as "Der Bomber". Klinsmann, I suppose, would be "Der Dive Bomber" except for one thing, of course – he doesn't dive. We know this because he told us so at his first British press conference: "If anyone can show me a video of such an incident," he said, "I will discuss it with them over a beer." Looks like Jurgen could be spending more time in the pub than Paul McGrath.



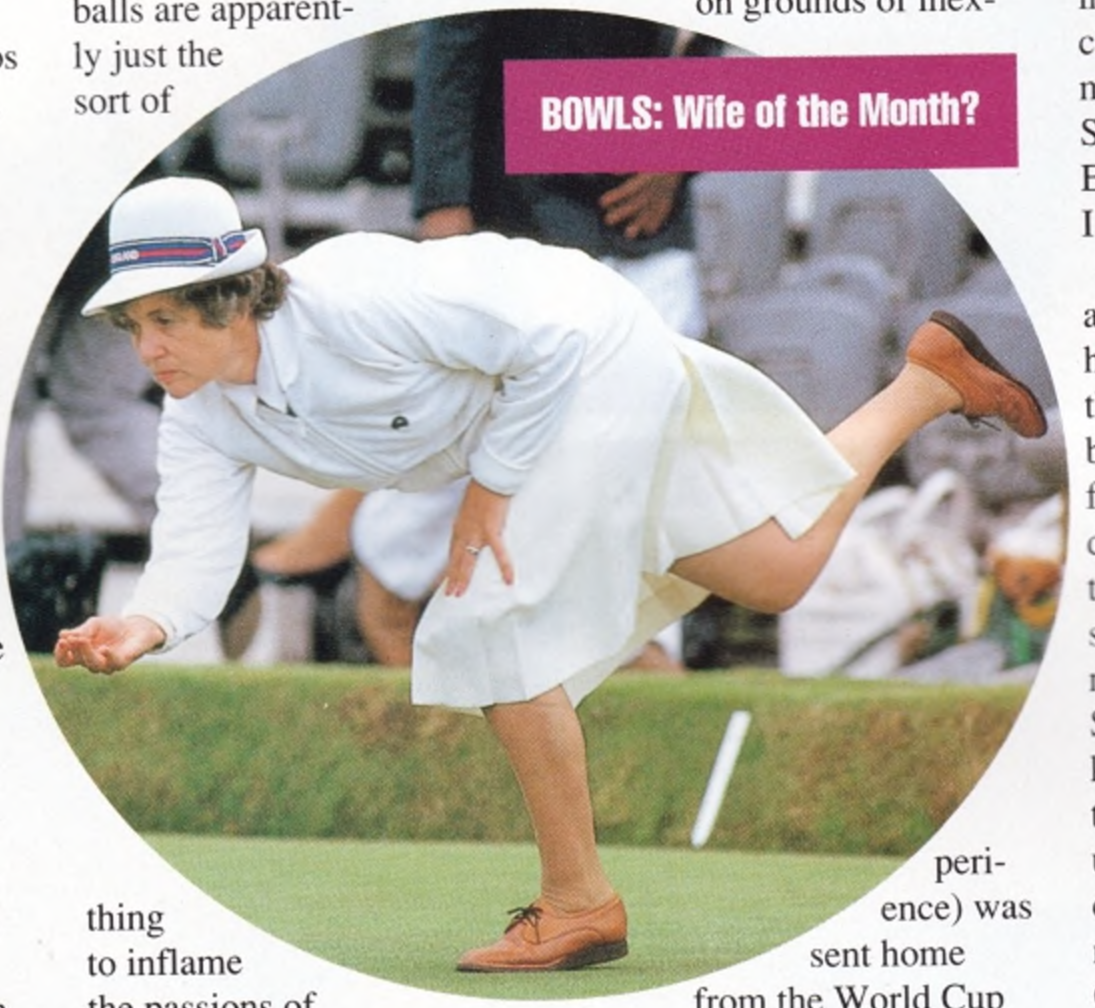
TONY ADAMS: Pin the tail on and win a fiver...

Already Klinsmann has made quite an impact for Spurs, slamming home five goals in his first four games. His signing, though, was the most surprising deal in a sudden rush by English clubs to snap up overseas players. Spurs also signed Romanian, Ilie Dumetrescu; Newcastle went for a Swiss and a Belgian; Leeds a pair of South Africans; Middlesborough a Bolivian; Notts County a Nigerian; Arsenal a Swede and Stoke City swooped for the brilliantly-named Twente Enschede player, Prince Polly.

All in all it must be the biggest influx of foreign players since the 1978/79 season, when Spurs set the ball rolling by securing the services of Ardiles and Ricky Villa. Personally I'm all in favour of this continental drift, not just because of the skills these players add to our games, but also because they bring out the best in English supporters. Who could forget the Geordie fans' response to their clubs signing of the diminutive Mirandinha: "His name was Mirandinha/He's not from Argentina/He's from Brazil/He's fucking brill"? Or the way Sunderland supporters endeavoured to get behind German signing Thomas Hauser by breaking out in sieg-heil salutes whenever he scored? (Oddly, Hauser was more upset than cheered by this homely greeting and stated his objections in the match programme. From then on supporters responded to a Hauser goal in a way that more reflected modern Germany – they refused to eat any British beef). I'm not sure if Spurs fans will come up with anything that quite matches these efforts, but I'm certain opposition supporters will be inclined to draw attention to Klinsmann Snr's profession – he's a master baker. Really.

JURGEN KLINSMANN: A rare photo of 'Der Dive Bomber' on his feet

- Shock news of the month comes with the information that bowls is deemed too sexy for the Saudi Arabians. Apparently a British ex-pat bowls fan in Jedda has found that copies of *Bowls World* mailed to him from the UK have had certain photographs snipped out by the scissors of the sensitive Saudi censors. The snaps, depicting the formidable buttocks of bowling grannies bending over to grip their balls are apparently just the sort of thing to inflame the passions of Arab men. Weird. Although I must say that I've always found that combination of a straw-hat and knee-length pleated skirt a bit of a turn-on myself. And as for those ankle socks, well don't get me started...

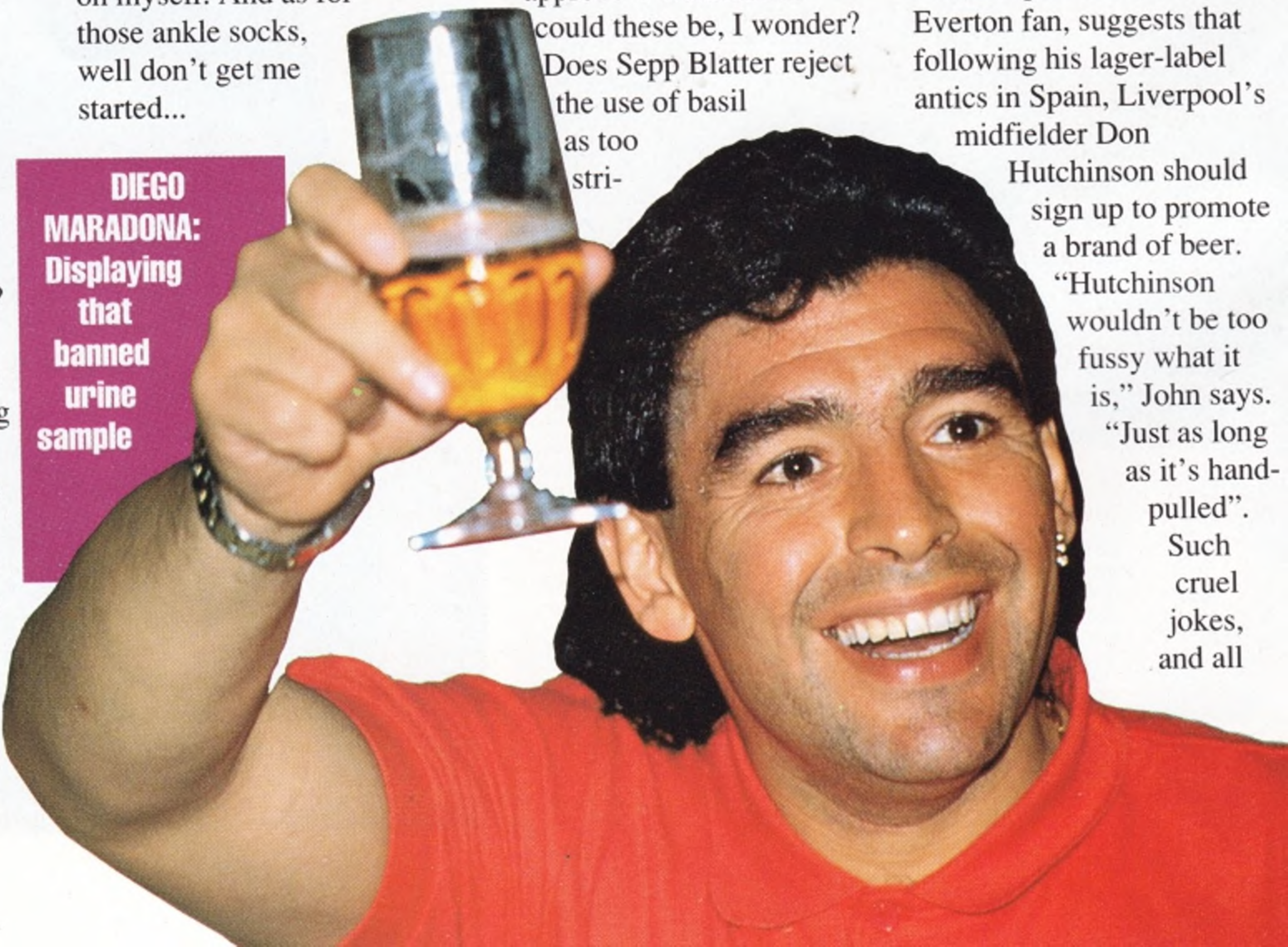


BOWLS: Wife of the Month?

- Sportsmen's diets seem to be cropping up in the news a bit of late. Firstly our old chum Diego Maradona (who, incidentally, was almost signed by Sheffield United in the late 70s. The club eventually rejected him on grounds of inexperience) was sent home from the World Cup because, according to the Argentinean authorities, he had been on a herb diet which "contained herbs of which FIFA does not approve". What herbs could these be, I wonder? Does Sepp Blatter reject the use of basil as too strident? Or perhaps Jaoa Havelange vetos sage on the grounds that it makes him flatulent? We will probably never know. However, the dictionary defines a herb as "a plant with leaves or seeds used for flavouring foods or in the production of medicine or drugs". Which pretty much seems to cover the South American shrub Erythroxylon Coca as far as I can see.

Maradona's diet was apparently designed to help him lose weight. I wonder if that was the same reason behind South African rugby forward Johan Le Roux's decision to embark on a gastronomic exploration of something more meaty, namely the All Black captain Sean Fitzpatrick's ear. Who knows? One thing's for certain, though, Le Roux is unlikely to be hosting any cookery programmes in the near future. Or joining Will Carling in a Quorn advert.

- After my comments a few months ago about sports stars in adverts, I have been inundated with suggestions on the topic. John, an Everton fan, suggests that following his lager-label antics in Spain, Liverpool's midfielder Don Hutchinson should sign up to promote a brand of beer. "Hutchinson wouldn't be too fussy what it is," John says. "Just as long as it's hand-pulled". Such cruel jokes, and all



DIEGO MARADONA: Displaying that banned urine sample

because the Geordie lad chose to make a Newcastle exhibition of himself.

Bob from Harlow, meanwhile, suggests that Tony Adams could advertise a new alcoholic shampoo called 'Sloshed and Go' with the slogan, "You look like you've just stepped out of a saloon".

Another missive, from Alan in Leeds, alerted me to the fact that a 70s advert for Brut showed Kevin Keegan and Henry Cooper emerging into the changing room having apparently just enjoyed a shower together. "How about someone adopting this scheme to flog women's fragrances?" asks Alan. "A soapy, steamy scene in a big bath with Sharon Davies and Gabriella Sabatini would surely help raise the product's consumer profile". Personally, Alan, I don't think that's all it would raise. Especially if you added a few lady bowls players into the mix... ♣

DON HUTCHINSON: Bet he collects Carling Black's labels

Photographs by Maria Clarke

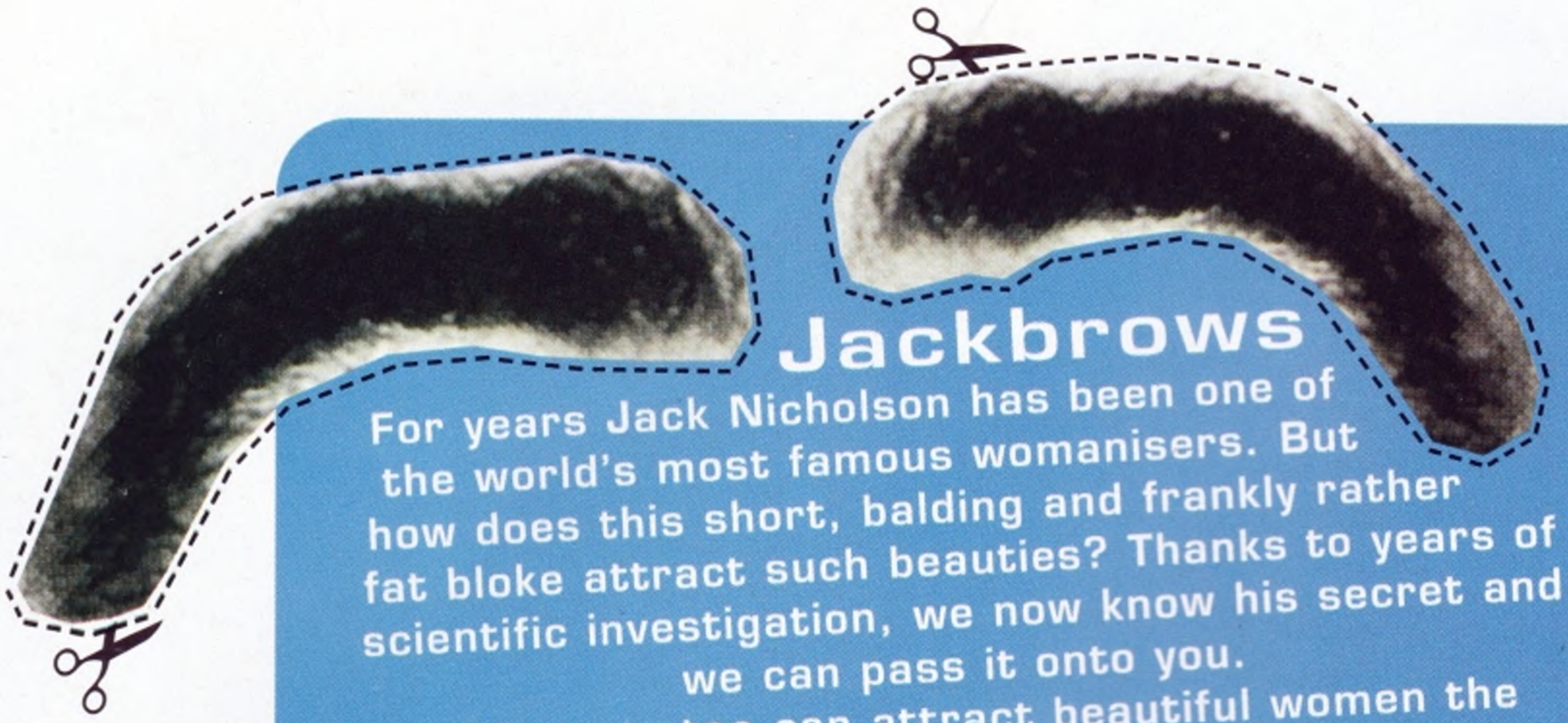
jacquie

Back again in Club is Jacquie, the 19-year-old hairdresser from Manchester, and isn't she looking simply gorgeous? "I've just come back from a two-week holiday in America," purrs the blonde beauty. "And I even had time to have these holiday snaps taken for Club! "I met this lovely girl who insisted on taking my photographs," giggles Jacquie with a wicked glint in her eye. "There were some amazing outdoor locations too. It's just a pity that we didn't make it out of the bedroom, as you can see!" ♣

club
jacquie

GIZMO

What technological advances can we look forward to in the years to come? Our psychic correspondent, **Claire Voyant**, takes a look into the future...



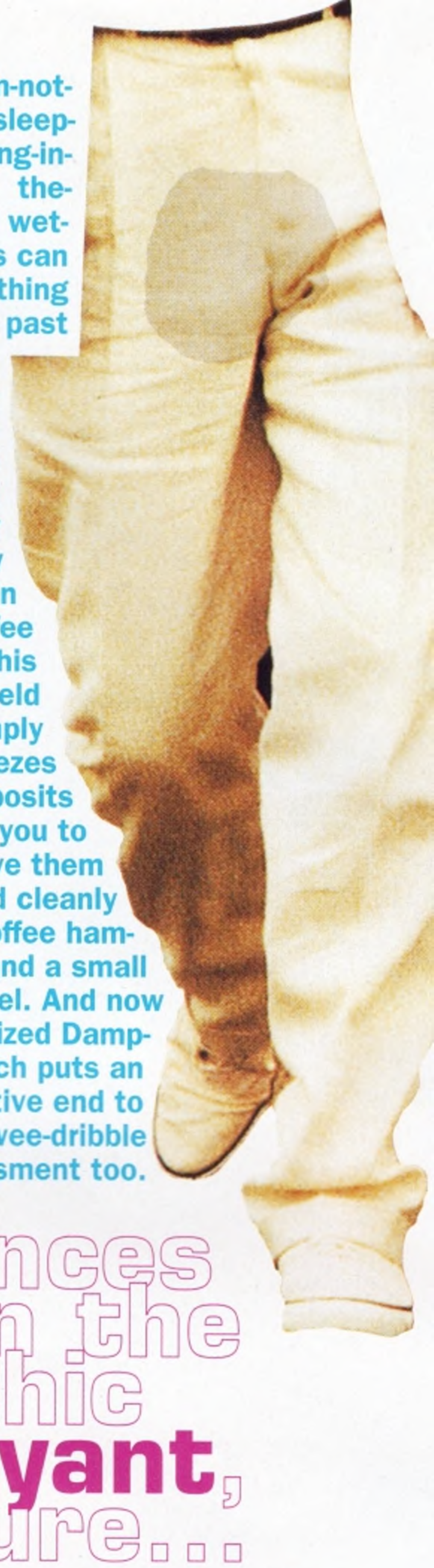
Jackbrows

For years Jack Nicholson has been one of the world's most famous womanisers. But how does this short, balding and frankly rather fat bloke attract such beauties? Thanks to years of scientific investigation, we now know his secret and we can pass it onto you.

Now you too can attract beautiful women the Nicholson way, thanks to Jackbrows – the unique radio-controlled false eyebrow system. Simply stick the Jackbrows above your own eyes and control them using the pocket-sized transmitter. Jackbrows rise, arch and crawl up women's legs to tickle the clitoris just like the real thing. They're guaranteed to drive girls wild!

Patch-O-Damp

I'm-not-sleeping-in-the-wet-patch rows can now be a thing of the past thanks to Patch-O-Damp. Using the advanced freeze-dry technology employed in the coffee industry, this hand-held device simply fast freezes jism deposits allowing you to remove them swiftly and cleanly using a toffee hammer and a small shovel. And now pocket-sized Damp-O-Patch puts an effective end to Chino-wee-dribble embarrassment too.



Johnny Gone

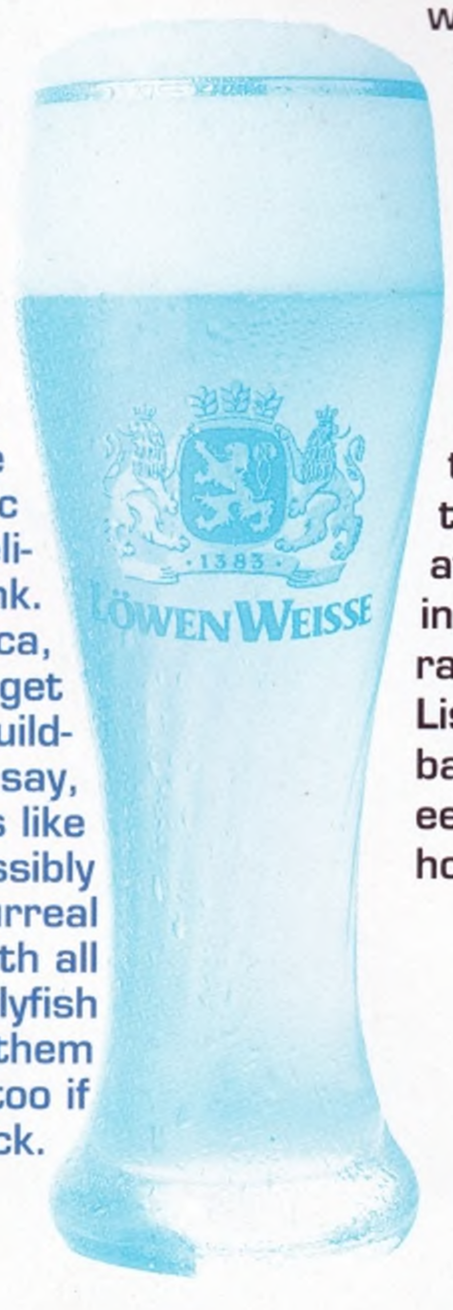
We've all been faced with the dreadful task of trying to get rid of a used condom; try to flush it and floats back to the surface, chuck it under the bed and the cat chokes on it, dump it in the bin and your mum's bound to turn up looking for a knitting pattern she threw away by mistake. Luckily, can't-get-rid-of-rubber miseries are now a thing of the past thanks to Johnny Gone, the portable prophylactic incinerator. This handy device clips onto any bedside table and reduces condoms to ashes in seconds. Johnny Gone is environmentally friendly too – a hotplate on the top allows you to use the energy produced to heat up a kettle for a refreshing post-bonk cuppa, or why not invite your friends around for an after-orgy pot-roast?

Fact Off!

Next time you're on a train or a bus and a man in a kagool sits down beside you and begins bombarding you with information about the Golden Age Of Steam, don't despair. Simply reach for the Fact Off!, the trivia repelling aerosol spray. Scientifically tested on John Motson, Fact Off! is the complete antidote to unwanted fact attack, instantly converting dull statistics into raunchy anecdotes about Lisa B, Kate Moss and a bath-sized tub of jellied eels. Also effective against home videos.

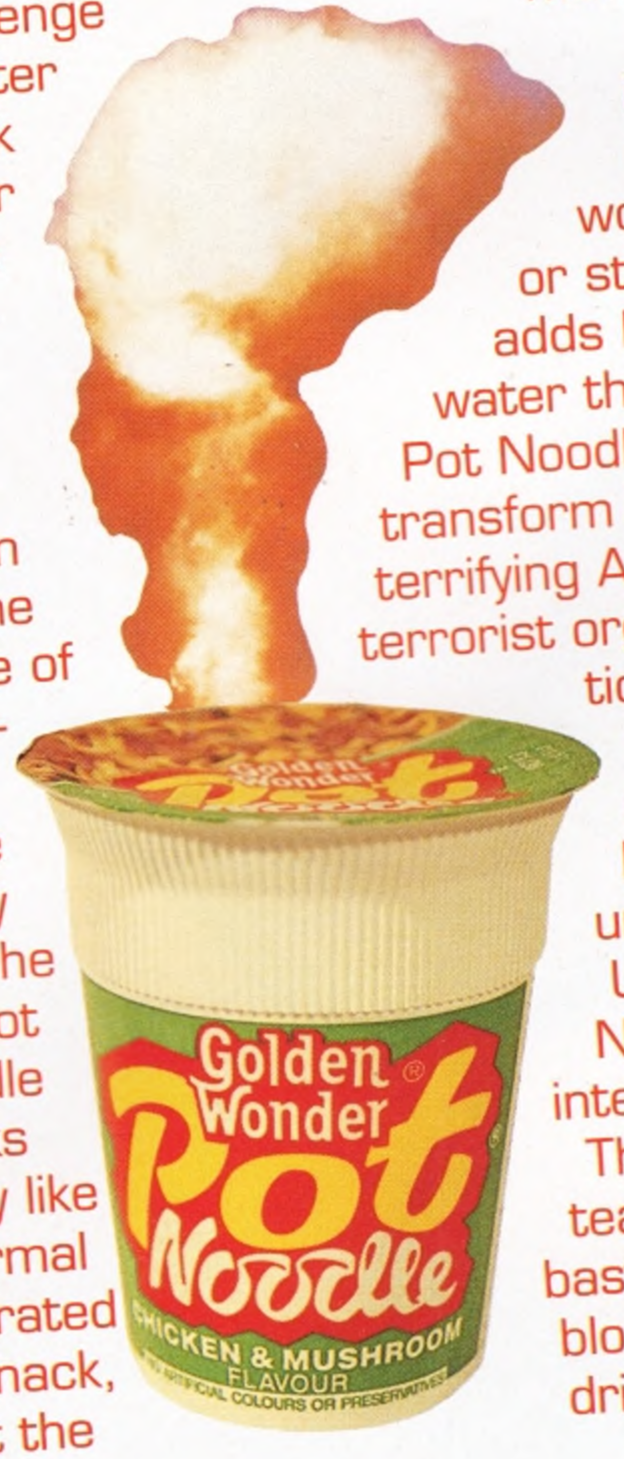
Surreal Ale

From the people who brought you Acid Tab, the hallucinogenic diet cola, comes this delicious new dream-like drink. Fizzy as a small veruca, Surreal Ale is certain to get you drunker than a tall building in the time it takes to say, "That weasel whistles like Mavis Nicholson". Possibly sooner. Brew your own Surreal Ale kit comes complete with all the ingredients and a jellyfish that knows how to mix them and might just tell you too if you feed him a toast rack.



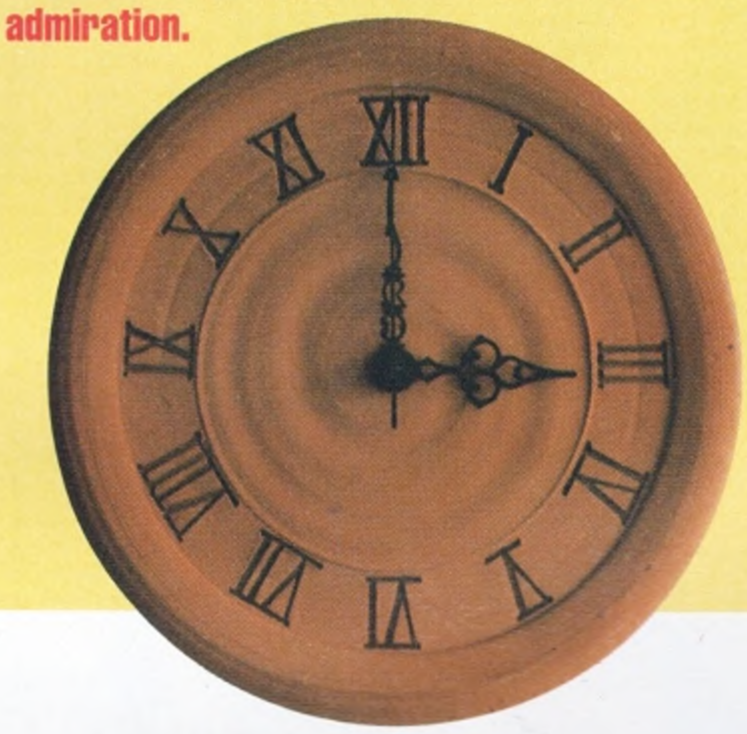
Pol Pot Noodle

If it's revenge you're after then look no further than this snack-sized device. Simply place it in the home or office of the person you're angry with. The Pol Pot Noodle looks exactly like a normal dehydrated pot snack, but the moment an innocent worker or student adds boiling water the Pol Pot Noodle will transform into a terrifying Asiatic terrorist organisation and wreak untold havoc until the United Nations intervenes. That will teach the bastards to block your driveway.



Ramrod Excel

This latest sex aid for men turns the conventional idea of the delay spray upside down. Far from making things happen more slowly, Ramrod Excel speeds things up! Simply spray it on any bedside clock while your partner isn't looking and the hands will literally whizz around, transforming a thirty-second wham-bam-thank-you-mam, into a three-hour marathon that will leave her breathless with admiration.



Pasta Fasta

If you're one of those people who find eating a bowl of spaghetti a nightmare, then Pasta Fasta is for you. No more expensive dry cleaning bills, no more angry girlfriends with linguine down their cleavage, no more three hour meals that leave you hungry, angry and splattered with tomato sauce! When confronted with a bowl of Italy's finest, simply whip out the Pasta Fasta, the handy food vacuum. Setting 1 sucks up the pasta, setting 2 blows it straight into your mouth. No mess, no fuss! Pasta Fasta also puts an end to those I-can't-use-chopsticks-but-I'm-too-embarrassed-to-ask-for-a-knife-and-fork Chinese restaurant blues.

Dirt Devil
Royal

Tinny Tapes

After so many years of listening to the sound of other people's Walkmans on buses and trains, it's not surprising that some of us have developed a taste for those catchy personal stereo sounds. Now you can listen to those collateral noise classics at home too, thanks to Tinny Tapes, the music tape that reproduces those wonderful public transport tunes on any stereo system. Tinny Tapes features all your favourite tracks, including the unforgettable *Tish-ta-ta-tisk*, the haunting *Tisk-tisk-ta-ta-tish* and the number one smash *Ta-tish-tish-tish-tish-tish*. Also available on CD.

Rustlers

From the people who brought you cock-shaped chocolates and scampi-fries come Rustlers, a new range of crispy potato snacks that are bound to get your juices flowing. Rustlers come in a variety of saucy flavours, including Cindy Crawford's Leotard, Lesbian Love Frolic and Sloane Ranger Bicycle Saddle. They're finger-sniffin' good!

Talkman

On long train or coach journeys it's common to be engaged in conversation by an old, sad and really boring person. Now you can sleep through the experience thanks to Talkman, the new personal speech system. Using innovative audio computer technology the Talkman decodes the person's speech and provides a suitable corresponding answer such as "Really? That's outrageous!", "£1.50! That's daylight robbery" and "Hanging's too good for them, I say" while you snooze peacefully or read a book.

Squelchscope

It's pretty dark under the duvet, as those who have disappeared down there and found themselves giving twenty minutes of tongue-tickling pleasure to a discarded slice of anchovy pizza while your girlfriend says, "Nothing yet" know only too well. Luckily such difficulties are now a thing of the past thanks to Squelchscope, the NATO-approved infra-red cunnilingus night-sight goggles. Squelchscope also comes fitted with a US Air Force designed computer-operated smart tongue capability that guarantees to home in on a designated target and locate it 9 times out of 10, and a snorkel.

2000

marie

One look at the spikes on Marie's high heels tells us we're dealing with a seriously kinky lady here. "If you're suffering from shoulder strain or muscle fatigue I might just be persuaded to walk across your back," purrs the naughty 19-year-old.

To be honest, Marie, we'd prefer to start by peeling off those shoes, then kissing our way up those luscious legs

Photographs by Jack Harrison

and up to that perfectly neat pussy! "Oooh, that's what all the fellas say!" laughs Marie. "Actually, it's been ages since a man gave me a toe-job! Any of you guys out there up for the task?!" See what we mean? *Seriously* kinky! ♣

talkin' blue

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

SNATCH OF THE DAY

Just in case you can't tell from looking at these bedroom snaps of me, the colour blue gives me the raging horn – though I can't really explain why! Maybe it's cause of blue movies...

I certainly watch more than my fair share of them with my girlfriend, Cheryl, and we even have competitions to see who can frig off the fastest while we're watching all those studs' dicks as they get it on with roomfuls of horny girls! Whatever it is, blue is an obsession with me, and I would probably never have fucked Gary (he's a famous footballer, but that's not his real name) if he hadn't played footie for a club whose strip is blue! Ridiculous, isn't it?

The first time I saw him was in a Kensington wine bar where he was larking around with a few of his pals. I'd seen him before on television and thought he was pretty good-looking. Anyway, I was enjoying a quiet drink after work with one of my colleagues and Gary couldn't keep his eyes off me. I was dressed in a smart, and very revealing, hip-hugging skirt that allowed the insides of my thighs to peep out whenever I crossed my legs. Soon enough, Gary came over and surprised me with his polite chat. He wasn't what I expected of a typical footballer, but I didn't let on that I knew what he did.

After knocking back a couple of glasses of wine, I asked him about his job. He told me he played for a certain football team in London and when he revealed that they wore blue, I knew it was a sign that this was going to be a red-hot sex encounter. I decided to take matters into my own hands...

"Do you fancy coming out for dinner?" I asked, winking at my mate, to signal that I would see her the next day – and hopefully with a X-certificate tale to tell. And did I ever...

We decided to go for a Chinese, but before we even reached the restaurant, I grabbed Gary by the arm. "You look incredibly fit," I drawled sexily, then I rubbed my hand across his chest. "I like doing daring things. I want you to take me down to the gents and fuck me there. Okay?!"

Well, his eyes nearly popped out of his head! Within minutes of being shown to our seats, I was damp with anticipation and I headed downstairs, throwing an enticing look over my shoulder.

I walked into the cubicle and eased my panties to one side. I was so horny that even if Gary had bottled it, I would have frigged my pussy to orgasm. And guess what? The decor was blue, which sent me into a wanking frenzy!

He had two fingers buried deep into my wet hole

I needn't have worried about Gary though, because within a minute he knocked on the door. I quickly opened it, and he was greeted by the sight of me spread-legged, with two fingers buried deep in my wet hole. He bolted the door and was nursing his thick rod in his fist within seconds. My pussy was already with quivering with excitement, so I glided him straight inside my wet hole. He needed no encouragement to start pumping, while I shifted my attention to my nipples; delicately caressing them until they stood out like football studs!

I looked down to see Gary's massive tool pounding in and out of me, bucking expertly as he brought me right to the brink of an intense orgasm. His hips were a blur as he passed the point of no return and he came with a loud grunt as a thick wad of spunk shot deep inside me. Within minutes we were back at our table, giggling like a couple of kids. Of course, we ended up back at my flat, fucking each other senseless on the blue (what else?!) silk sheets on my bed! I tested his stamina with every position I could think of – and a few that he taught me!

We've been seeing each other regularly since that first night and our sex life is pretty wild! I managed to persuade him to wear his football kit between the sheets and one afternoon we even fucked each other in the team bath at the club! What Gary doesn't know though, is that he's not the only horny stud at his club keen to bury one between the posts... as I found out the day I drove to meet him after training.

I had taken the afternoon

off work and thought I'd surprise Gary, but when I arrived at the ground, he had already left. Apparently he'd twisted his ankle pretty badly and had been taken to hospital for a couple of x-rays.

I wandered into the changing rooms anyway, feigning ignorance, and saw two of his team-mates stepping out of the showers with nothing but small towels to spare their blushes! I stood around asking about Gary, and I could see that they were getting turned on. Their towels concealed what looked like stonking hard-ons, and in my defence, I can only say I was helpless to resist!

I didn't bother with formalities or introductions and, soon enough, we were engaged in a steamy threesome! At one point I was bent over the physio's bench as one of them fucked me doggy-style, while I insisted the other wank himself off in front of me until he coated my face with ribbons of his warm cream! I couldn't believe I'd been so wanton and filthy!

Although I haven't told Gary about my away fixtures just yet, I get the feeling he's into that kind of thing anyway – which is where my girlfriend, Cheryl, comes in! When our threesome finally gets off the ground, I reckon there will be no losers and you'll be the first to hear about it! – *Angie, Essex*

My hand wandered down to my pussy and I gently rubbed my clitty

FUN IN THE SUN!

My uncle Ian is loaded. He's not a real uncle but is one of those close friends that you call uncle, even though he's not a relative. Anyway, he's terribly charming and a very good-looking man, although even his obvious charms can't match the fact that he has the most gorgeous villa in Marbella, Spain. I have stayed there on three different occasions with my parents and had always had a great time; soaking up the sun and living the life of a queen! So when Ian offered to let me stay at the villa as a special treat after passing all my A-levels, well, how could I refuse?!

My parents couldn't take the time off work, so it was Ian and myself who ended up out at the villa. Ian works as a freelance journalist and spends most of his time writing articles for magazines, so I knew I would be pretty much left to my own devices.

Everything was perfect. The weather was very hot and I had the run of the place. In fact, on my very first morning at the villa Ian drove into town to pick up some provisions and left me all alone.

Within ten minutes of Ian leaving – saying he wouldn't be back for at least an hour – I found myself stretched out on one of the huge sun-loungers in the garden, dressed in a revealing black bikini and delicately rubbing oil into my skin. The villa was completely secluded and the heady mix of heat and sun soon had me feeling incredibly aroused. My hand wandered down towards my pussy and I couldn't resist pulling my knickers to one side and gently rubbing my clitty. I love wanking myself into a stupor in my bedroom back home, but this really was something else... something much more erotic!

I teased myself to distraction, my hand working further into my hole as the juices began to flow more freely. I bit my lip to stop myself from screaming, more out of instinct than the fact that anyone might catch

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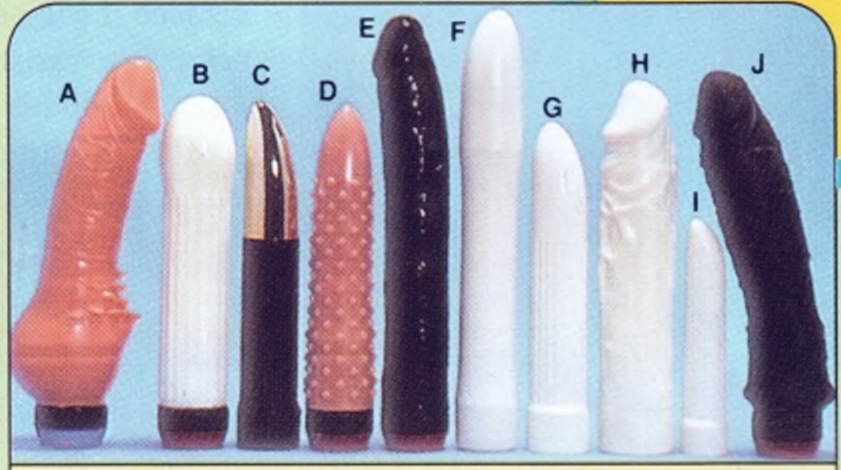

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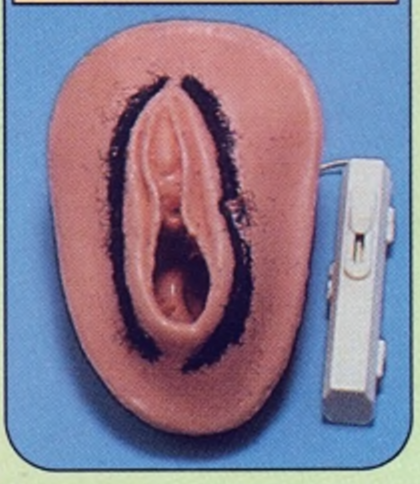

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me. I soon felt that hot flush of uncontrollable orgasm sweep through my body, starting at my quim and then moving out through the rest of my pussy taking a direct route to my nipples which soon rose into tight little buds! It's always such an incredible feeling that I seem to drift into a trance-like state, which explains why I didn't immediately notice someone kissing their way up my thighs!

I snapped out of my dream straight away and automatically jerked my two fingers out of my hole, both surprised and embarrassed to have been caught red-handed. My eyes focused on a stunning girl dressed in a black and white maid's outfit, her long brown hair cascading down over an ample cleavage.

I tried to cover myself up, but to my surprise, the girl motioned that I should just relax and started kissing her way up the insides of my thighs until she reached my wet pussy. I was so shocked that I didn't utter a word.

This girl obviously knew what she was doing, working her way around my pussy with excitement, making sure that her hot breath aroused every part of my hole. It wasn't long before her tongue was darting in and out of me and I rippled through my orgasm, excited both by the thrill of coming with an unknown woman and also because of the fact that we were eating each other out in my uncle's garden, for God's sake!

"Now you," ordered the girl, whose name I hadn't even been able to ask. With that broken English command she bent over the sofa and pulled her skimpy knickers down over her legs and shoes, her bum pointing in the air and her pussy glistening. I was down on my knees in a flash, eagerly returning the compliment.

By the time Ian got back, we had licked and sucked to our hearts' content and probably both looked more than a little dishevelled!

We'd gone into the kitchen to meet him and he took one look at us and said, "I see you've met Consuela." I could tell by the way he looked at me that he knew what we'd been doing. Then he suddenly dropped his shorts to reveal a thick, long and very hard cock. I stammered to say something, but Consuela moved like lightning. She had already whipped the bag of groceries out of Ian's hands, had ripped open the pot of cream and was pouring it over his cock before getting down on her knees to take that big dick in her mouth and lick the cream off!

She started kissing her way up my thighs until she reached my wet pussy

I was utterly amazed and turned on by what I saw. I hadn't looked at Ian with anything approaching lust before, but he was, in fact, an incredibly attractive man, fit and healthy for a 40-year-old. And that delicious looking cock, completely covered in cream? Well, I had to have it...

Which was what I was thinking about when Ian bucked and spurted spunk deep down Consuela's throat, great droplets of spunk seeping out of the sides of her mouth and down her chin, all mixed together with the cream. I wanted to taste what this come cocktail was like, so I used my tongue to lick it off Consuela's chin, before pulling my bikini off and demanding to be fucked hard doggy-style! With a wicked glint in his eye, Ian was only too happy to oblige and bent me over the breakfast bar before plunging his lovely moist tool deep inside me, making me buck with sheer orgasmic delight as he pumped hard. Consuela was soon up on the breakfast bar, making the best use of a banana I've ever seen and the sight of this gorgeous girl masturbating in front of me was enough to make me come. With Ian's hot cock to deal with as well, it was amazing! When I came I was so exhausted that I could hardly move!

I have to say that I was soon introduced to even more of Ian's friends during my stay there – and they were all just as 'accommodating' as Consuela!

I've already arranged to go back to Marbella at Christmas for a fortnight to see Consuela and Ian for more fun and games. I'll write and let you know more of our filthy antics just as soon as I can! – *Andrea, Bucks*

HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

WEDDING BELLES

My fella, Adam, is a great lover. While it's not in my nature to boast, I have to say that Adam can suck and fuck me like nobody else I've ever met. He's not what you'd call out-and-out kinky, but he's game for anything and we love to read your confessions and stories together to stock up on new ideas. His latest fetish is his biggest to date. Adam loves me to dress up for him. Not in tarty black stockings and suspenders like you might expect, but in virginal white. It never fails to do the trick. Whenever I put on my white stockings, Adam's pole gets stiffer than a starched collar and it's only a matter of seconds before he's ripping my knickers off and slamming into me. It's made our sex life absolutely electric .

The first time we tried out his little fantasy was when we were at my friend Janie's wedding. We'd had a great day and were getting a bit tanked up at the reception. After we'd downed a few beers, Adam confessed that he thought Janie looked really sexy in her short wedding dress and white stockings. In fact, Adam went so far as to say that he couldn't help getting a stiffy when she walked up the aisle! I asked him what in particular had got him so excited and he confessed that it had been the sight of her bronzed thighs set off against those gleaming stockings, with that little triangle of pussy hair just about visible through her white panties. Well, I reckoned that my pussy would look irresistible under a pair of white panties and, as I had a new pair in my overnight bag, I suggested he might want to come upstairs!

Once we were in our room, I disappeared into the bathroom and slipped the knickers and my pink high heels on and looked at myself in the mirror, running my hands over my naked breasts so that the nipples hardened. I walked back out into the room, Adam took one glance at me and wasted no time in dropping to his knees, nudging my knickers to one side with his tongue and then jabbing it deep into my wet slit.

Adam ended up fucking me on the floor of our hotel suite. He eased my sodden knickers aside with his throbbing helmet so that he could fuck me from behind. He felt bigger than ever before in me and his groaning must have shaken the whole hotel!

I ran my hands over my naked breasts so that my nipples hardened

The following day we were discussing our sexy exploits and Adam started talking about the clothes that Janie had been wearing and asked if I thought it was weird. Frankly, I couldn't care how weird it was – just as long as it meant I was going to get a good seeing-to! In fact, I had already decided to blow his balls clean off by taking his little fetish to the extreme!

About a week later, Adam came home from work to be greeted by a sight that almost made him spunk his trousers. I stood in front of him, wearing the same style dress that Janie had worn, only I'd hitched it up to reveal my pearl-like suspender tops. I'd decided that if I had to dress like this to send Adam into a frenzy, then so be it! I'd made one other adjustment to the outfit. Sliding my hand under the dress, I hitched it up to unveil my shaven pussy. The sight of my hairless pussy lips

framed by the sexy bridal gown had his shaft bulging.

He dropped his trousers, bent me over the dining-room table and slammed his pole home into my hole. We were so turned-on we didn't even bother closing the curtains. If anyone had been walking past they would have seen everything!

As you can imagine, Adam and I spent the whole night seeing how long his wedding tackle could service my hungry pussy. I have to say that he scored well, managing to fuck me another three times!

Well, expensive as it was, the dress turned out to be a bargain. I was getting into the idea myself, and the next mission we set ourselves was to drive either to the country or the seaside and to take pictures of me flashing whilst wearing the dress, to be followed by Adam and I fucking somewhere with a chance of getting caught! Before I knew it, our behaviour was getting more and more outrageous! I was posing in hotel reception areas when nobody was looking, or sneaking into farmers' barns and fucking with Adam on the hay. It was wild and I was loving every minute of it!

Eventually I went out for a drink with Janie and told her how our hot wedding dress romps had led to so many adventures. Janie is a very sexy woman herself and, as we got steadily more pissed, we hatched a plot together...

About two weeks later, I told Adam that we were going to see Janie because her husband was away on business and she needed company. I told him that I'd meet him there. Of course, I had been at Janie's place all day and we had arranged something special for him...

When he rang the doorbell, Janie told him the door was open and asked him to come

straight in. When he entered the living-room, Janie and I were there wearing identical wedding dresses and large smiles. He looked at me bemused, but I put my hand to my lips to indicate that he wasn't to say a word. "Just watch," I breathed sexily.

I turned to Janie and took her head in both hands, before plunging my tongue down her throat. Adam looked surprised, but his grin told the whole story. I pushed Janie's head lower. She dropped to her knees, lifted her veil and licked her lips in anticipation of dining on my love juices. My cunt hair had now grown back, but was pruned in a tidy bush just above the lips.

There's always something extra-special about the way a woman gives head and Janie was a total expert. It wasn't long before I could feel my legs going weak and the swell of an orgasm washing over me. The ferocity of my orgasm took me by surprise, but not as much as Janie getting to her feet and beckoning Adam to come over, before kissing him so he could taste his girl's come on the lips of another woman!

I have to admit that while I was still recovering from the sheer power of that orgasm, I couldn't help but feel aroused by the sight of my man sharing my quim juices with my best friend.

"Come here and fuck me," I ordered and Adam's face broke out in a big grin!

He quickly came over and whipped out his cock, which was shiny with pre-come. Janie couldn't resist guiding it into my hole, which was more ready to receive dick than it had ever been! The feeling of that hot flesh pumping away inside me was amazing, especially when I could feel Janie's tongue flicking against my labia. Within seconds he shot his wad deep inside me, and that was the cue for Janie to get a share of the action! "Are you gonna fuck me too, Adam?" she asked cheekily.

Her wet tongue flicked around my labia

As I lay on the floor, I watched as Adam bent Janie over the living-room table, hitched up her wedding dress and started fucking her. Her squeals were a real turn-on and I couldn't help wanking myself. As Adam's groans filled the room, I felt a surge inside my cunt as we came together. What a climax!

Of course, we haven't yet told Ian of our exploits, but Janie and I have vowed to don our dresses again! You can bet that when I eventually get married, it will certainly be a (spunk) white wedding! – *Pat, Aberdeen*

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Share and share alike

BAWDY BUILDERS

I'll be honest and say that I'm hooked on Club – especially your Talkin' Blue section! I really get off on reading all those horny stories every month, and sometimes I don't know how people manage to get themselves into those situations. They certainly give me more than a few ideas to try out when I've finished reading through the magazine.

I'm (happily) single at the moment, and so I find that Club really keeps me pepped up as I'm not getting any regular sex. Now, finally, I have something dirty and juicy enough to confess to your readers. I just hope you all get off on it as much as I know I'm going to by writing it down!

What prompted me to write was something that happened to me about two weeks ago, when I read last month's Couples Confess – the story about the hunky window cleaner who is seduced by the two randy flatmates. Well, that story got me all worked up, so much that it was almost as if I was on heat! I was determined to have a sexual experience to top it – and so I went out and found one!

The funny thing was that I'd been watching this bunch of builders who were working on the house next to mine for a couple of weeks. There were four of them, but it was two in particular that I had my eye on – the younger two. One of them was really tall with blond hair and the

physique of a sun-tanned Adonis; the other was stockier but really muscular, with a lovely chest covered in the same black hair as on his head. They were both well-built, I suppose from working outside for so long, and even though the weather was a bit on the chilly side, they still paraded around all day with just jeans and tight t-shirts on. The shirts usually came off before lunchtime.

I don't know whether I had too much time on my hands or what, but I found myself fantasising all day about what it would be like to be fucked by both of them, feeling two pairs of rough hands rubbing my body as I opened my legs and let them penetrate me one after the other. I got so wet that my cunt ached permanently, and I started flaunting myself whenever I was near them.

I'd go out into my back garden on the flimsiest of pretexts – just to hang up tiny items of washing (as much sexy underwear as I could find to wash!), and wear the most daring of outfits, not what I'd normally be wearing around the house at all. The day I'm talking about, I went out to water the plants wearing a tiny mini-skirt which revealed more than it hid, riding right up my smooth, stocking-clad thighs as I bent over to catch those far corners of the flower beds. I knew the two guys I'd been watching had had their eyes on me for a while, and then one of them gave me a loud wolf-whistle as I straightened up suddenly and my boobs jiggled under my tight top.

"Why don't you come over here and do that?" I invited saucily, as I sashayed back into my kitchen, purposely leaving the back door open. The next minute, I heard them vaulting over the fence and they burst in.

I was so wet that my cunt ached permanently

They seemed even larger up close, and introduced themselves as Kevin and Rob. I barely registered that, though; all my overloaded senses could feel was the warmth of those hard-working, masculine bodies and the overwhelming presence of male hormones. My cunt was so juiced up, I didn't trust myself to move.

They obviously knew what I was after, otherwise they wouldn't have been there. I needed a good fucking, and I needed it right then!

I didn't mess about. I just hitched my skirt up (not that it hid very much to start with!), propped myself up on top of the washing machine and showed the pair how wet my cunt was through my knickers. I reached down and got out of them, throwing them on to the floor in a sodden heap. My cunt was now exposed to Rob and Kevin's fascinated gaze, all the hairs of my bush coated with glistening come juice.

I reached one finger down to my snatch and scooped some up, then licked it off really slowly, savouring the sweet, musky taste. Rob, the shorter, stockier of the two couldn't hold himself back. "I've got to get my cock in you," he muttered, stepping out of his shorts and pants in one swift move. I gasped as his cock sprang up stiff from the hairiest bush I'd ever seen. The dark whirls on his chest were nothing compared to the luxuriant pubes which grew around his cock and covered his heavy balls.

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cock," I told him, dismounting so that I could kneel in front of him. He pulled off my t-shirt and bared my boobs. My nipples tingled as the cool air hit them, and then I felt Kevin's hands move me into a kneeling position, sliding down to fondle my slit as my mouth wrapped around Rob's shaft.

I felt his hot come spurting down my throat

I can't even begin to explain how much of a turn-on it was to feel that hairy bush stroking against my mouth as I eased my lips around his meat. Within minutes, I was giving him the gobble of his life, and my reward was feeling his come spurting down my throat as he held his cock by the base and aimed it into me. God, that tasted good. I looked up at Rob with a grin as I gulped it down.

As I was still kneeling up, I felt Kevin's probing fingers at my slit being replaced by his stiff tool. A few thrusts and he was inside me, fucking me as hard as the position we were in would allow. I could feel his bare chest pressed against my back as I ground my hips back against his, feeling his pubes against my bum and that stiff shaft pushing into me. When he shot his load I orgasmed at the same time, my juices gushing out of my snatch.

After that, the randy pair had to go back to work, but there was no way I was keeping something like this to myself. I was straight on the phone to my friend, Penny, to tell her all the raunchy details.

"Honestly, Pen, when I felt that guy's cock in my mouth, I was coming on the spot," I told her. "You'd better come round here tomorrow and we'll have some fun."

Penny is just as randy as me, and never has any problem bedding blokes – she's a 5' 10" blonde who, if I had to describe her, looks like a slightly fuller-figured Mandy Smith. We've often enjoyed threesomes and swapping sessions together. I knew Pen would soon have those two randy builders eating out of her hand – and her cunt!

Sure enough, we managed to entice the lads back into my house the following afternoon; after they'd caught a glimpse of Penny in her tight jeans, the cheeks of her bum moulded so tight into them that it was obvious she was naked underneath. As soon as she set eyes on the pair – bare-chested again like the day before – she winked at me and I could see her nipples harden instantly.

"Which one's yours?" she grinned as we went through into the living room. "Well, whichever, but let's really give them something to get a hard-on about first."

And with that, she stood in front of the patio doors, so that Kevin and Rob had a full view of the pair of us as we undressed each other and Penny went down on me, her lips between my legs as I worked two fingers over my clitty. She really knows how to give a girl some great head, and as her tongue circled inside me, I kept my eyes on the two lads until I couldn't keep them open any longer and I felt her bring me to the brink of orgasm.

When I opened them again, Rob and Kevin had disappeared from next door, and I knew they must be making their way across the fence. Good job I'd left the back door standing open!

Sure enough, they appeared seconds later, stripping out of their shorts as they did so and revealing that they were both as stiff as flagpoles. There was no ceremony this time; Rob had me on my back on the carpet right away, my legs wrapped over his shoulders as he knelt up and fucked me from the front.

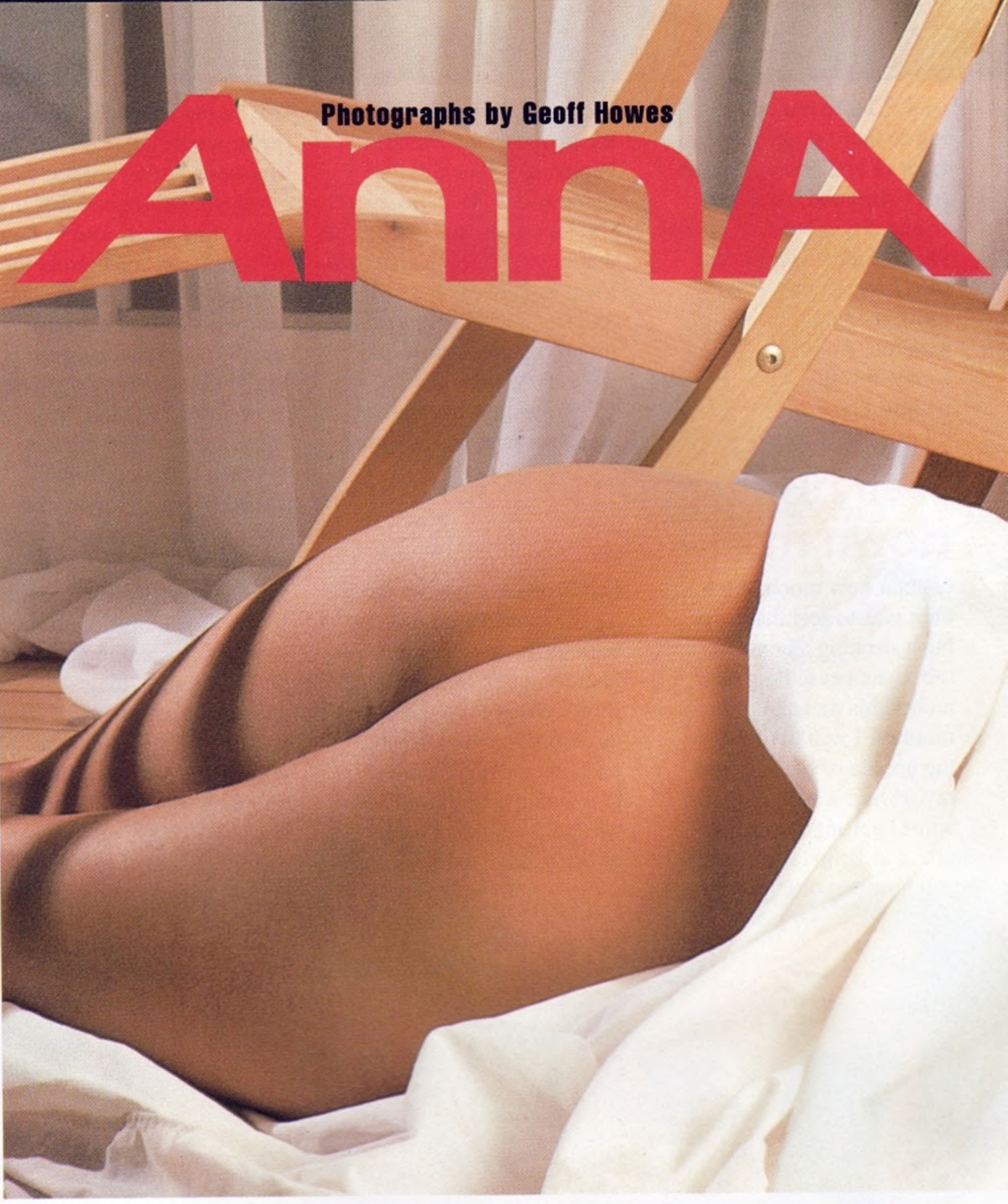
Meanwhile, Penny was straddling Kevin as he lay on his back on the floor, her hands gripping his cock as she eased it up inside her. She's very vocal when she's having sex, and her yelps of delight were very loud as she rose up to feel every inch of his meat drawing out, then plunging back in again. It was a real turn-on to watch her boobs jigging up and down as she bucked on top of him faster and faster, both hands working on her clitty. Then, at the last minute, she pulled his cock out of her cunt and knelt in between his legs, pushing his cock in between her tits and wanking him off with them. His come sprayed all over her neck and boobs, and when he watched her rubbing it in, he got a hard-on all over again!

Rob was still pumping away at me and I was climaxing every couple of minutes, the pressure of his pubic mound against my clitty getting me so worked up I just couldn't control myself. When he let loose a load of spunk, I swear I felt every hot droplet of it oozing up inside me. Of course, that led to Penny getting between my legs and giving my cunt a good tonguing.

I'd like to thank Club for getting me into this position – if I hadn't read that story in Couples Confess, I wouldn't have been feeling so randy, and I wouldn't have enjoyed a couple of the best sex experiences of my life. And by the way, the builders are still here... – *Julie, Reading* ♣

Photographs by Geoff Howes

AnnA



It's been over six months since we last saw Anna in Club (Vol 23 No 4), but it's been well worth the wait to see the tough-talking lass from Halifax once again. And you'll be glad to discover that she hasn't mellowed one little bit... "Have you

missed me?" she asks brusquely. "My confidence has soared since I last appeared in Club – not that I was exactly a shy wallflower to begin with!

"I've been busy having sex, lots of it!" she admits blatantly. "I reckon I'd make an ideal mistress, you know. I don't want a boyfriend – just loads of great shagging! That's not asking too much, is it?!"

Certainly not, Anna! ♣

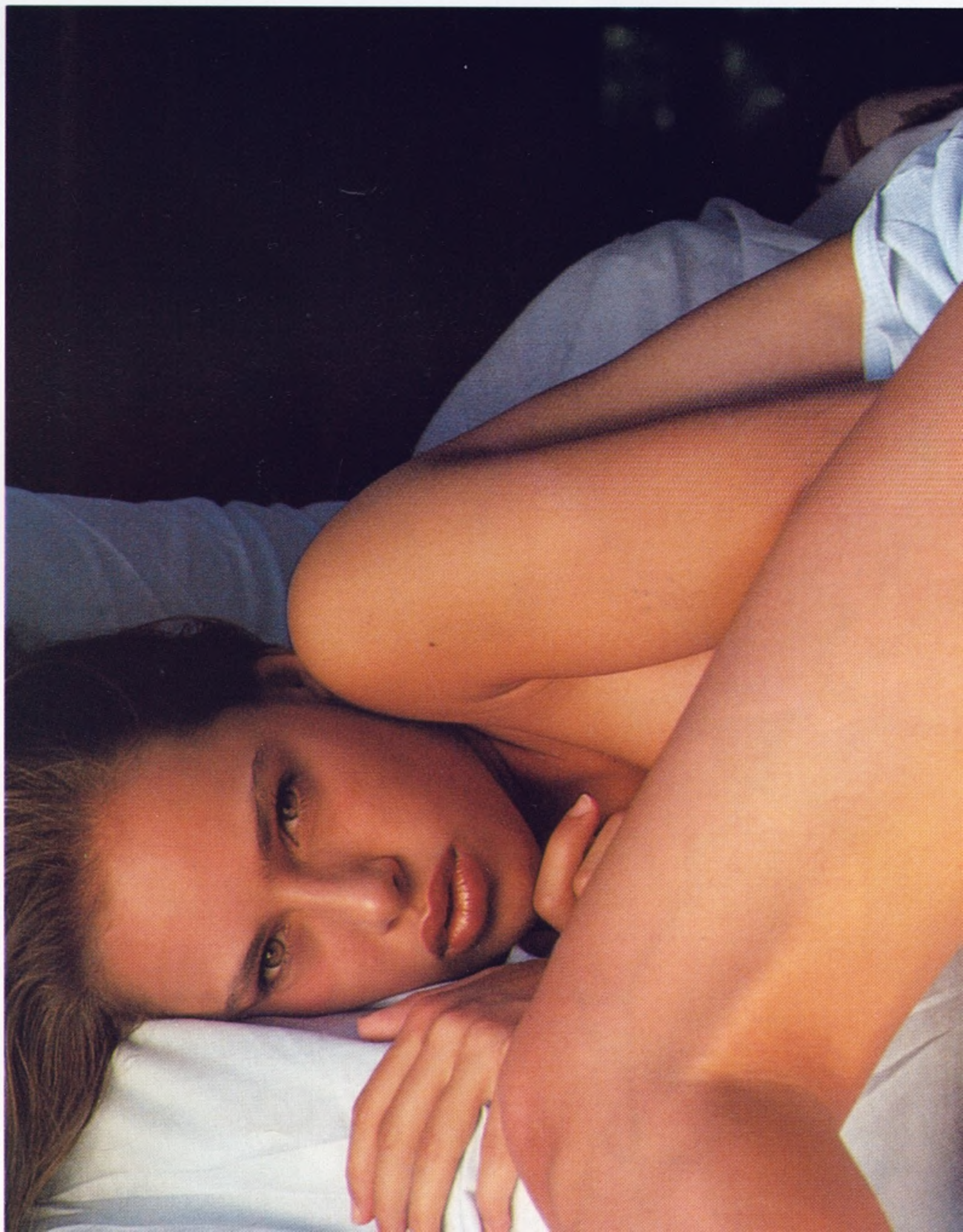
Long hair, long legs and a long list of ex-boyfriends, that's 21-year-old Charlotte. The horny hairdresser from Brighton is in no rush to find Mr Right. In fact, she's young, free and single and is happily playing the field.

"I'm just not interested in settling down at the moment," insists Charlotte. "I'm having far too much

charlotte

Photographs by Michael Moore

fun meeting fellas and bonking their brains out! "Actually I've got four fellas on the go right now," she giggles naughtily, "but my ambition is to have a different fella for every day of the week! Any of you guys out there free on Wednesday Thursday or Friday?!" ♣



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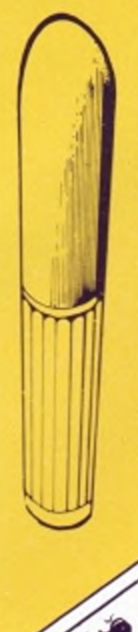

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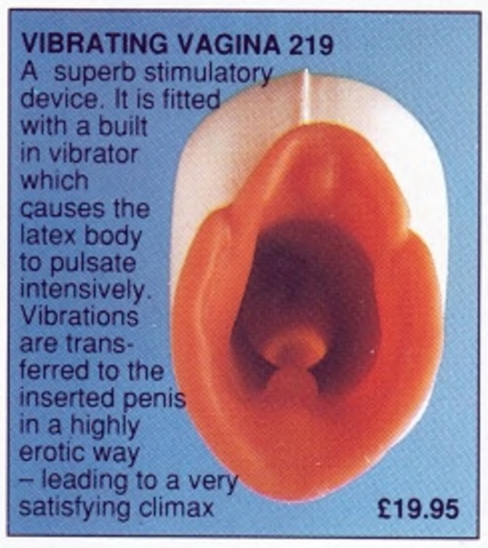

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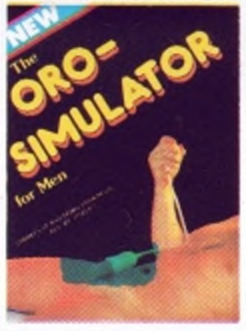

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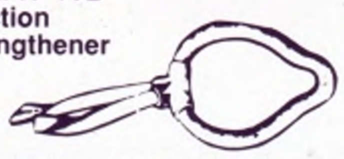

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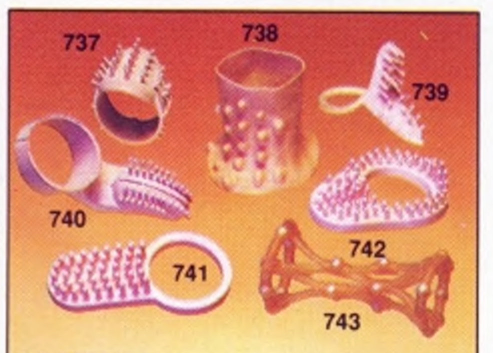

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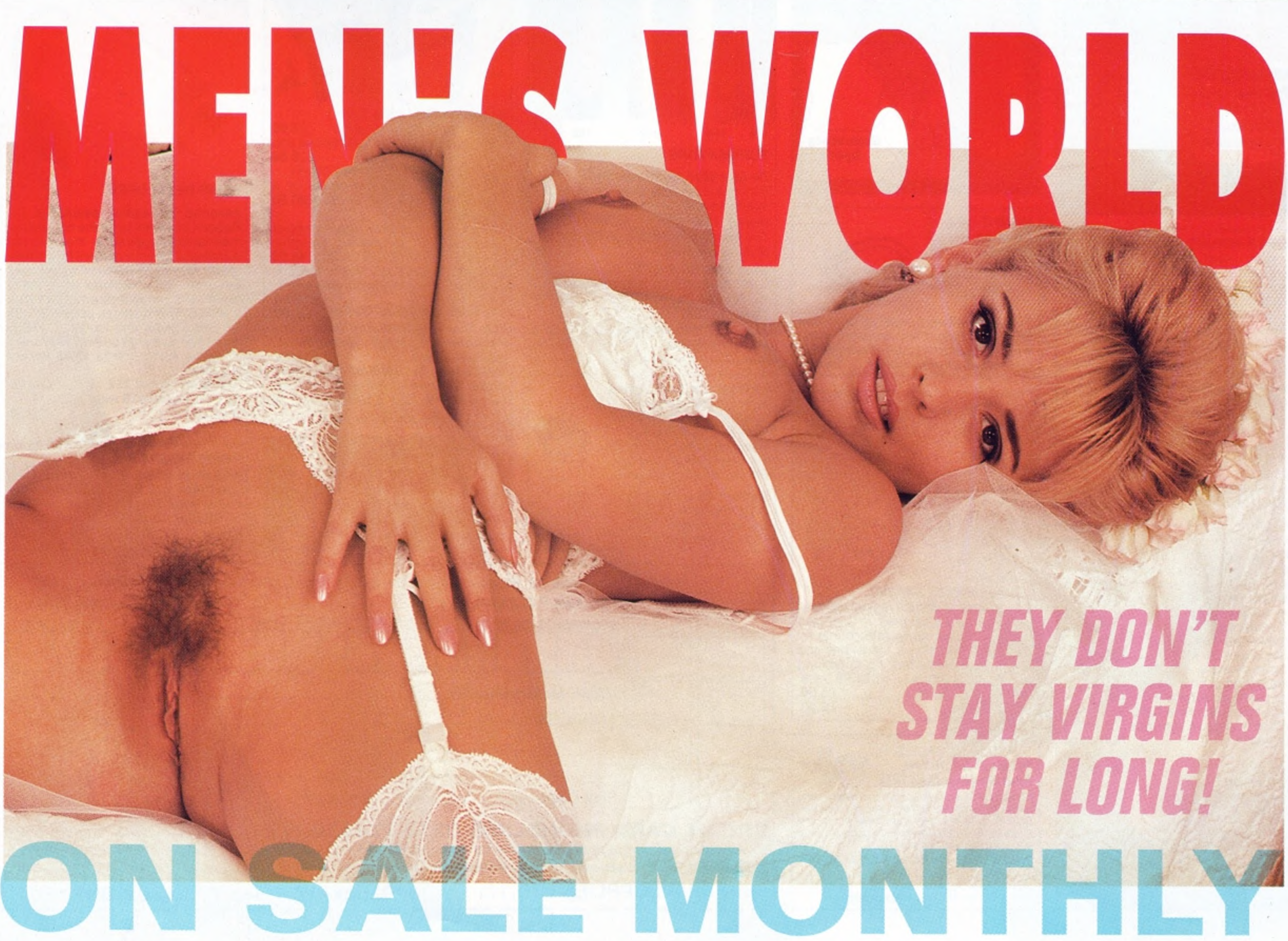
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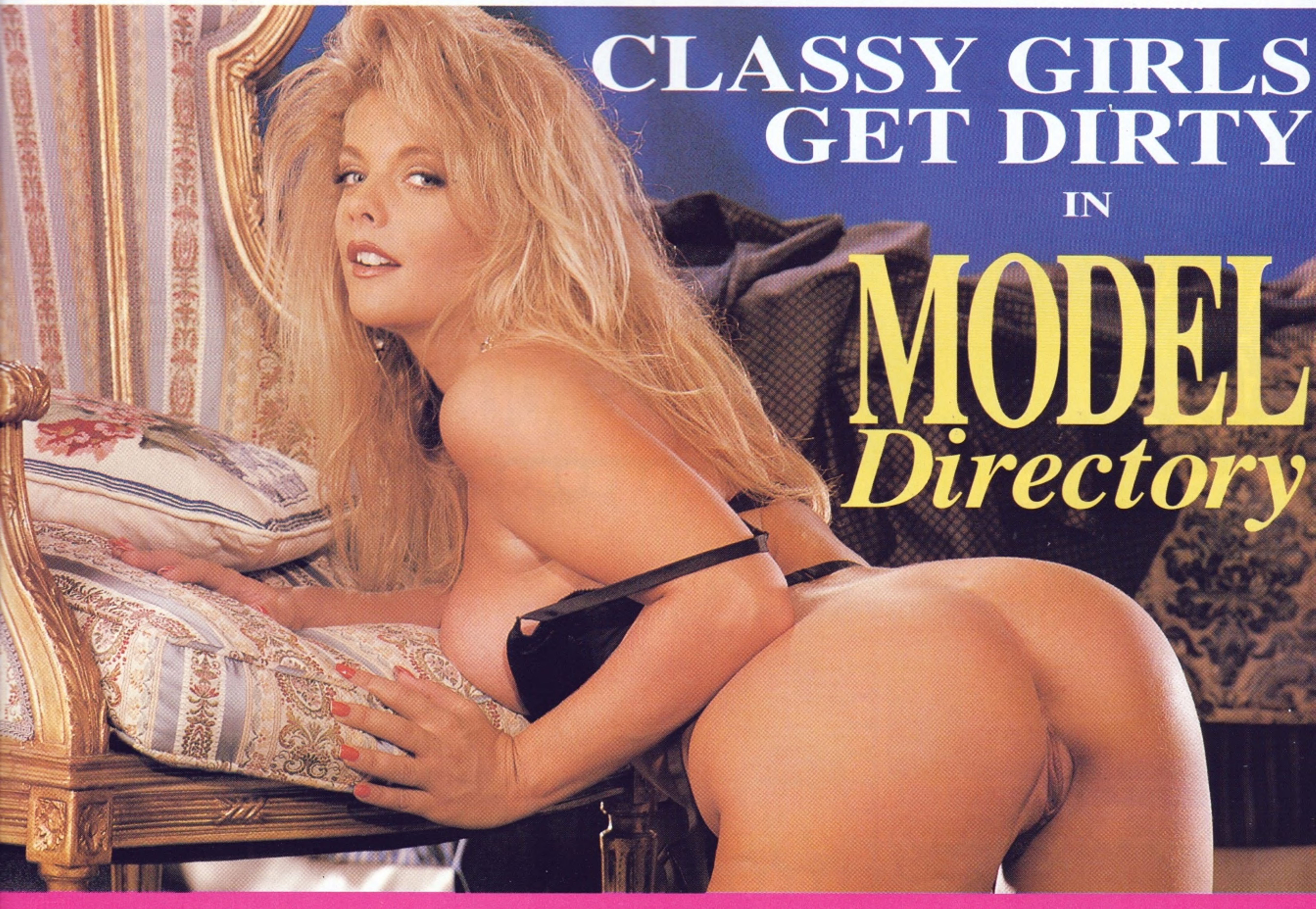

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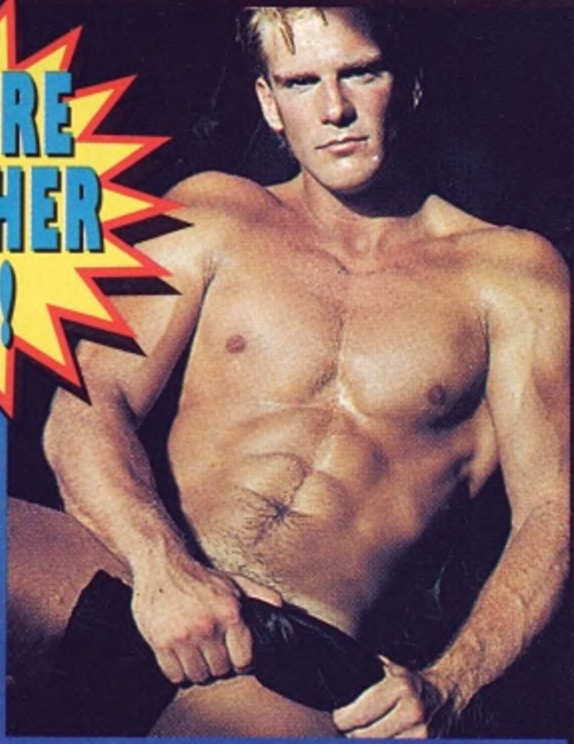

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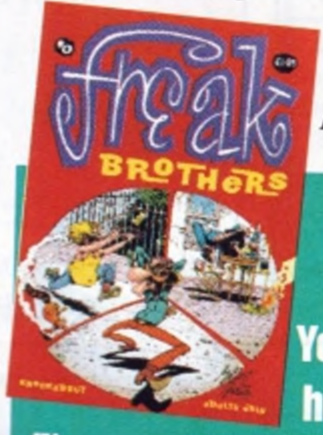
in the bag

continued from page 39

aching bud as he fucked me more urgently. "I'm going to come, Annabel," he grunted. "Quick, turn around!" He quickly pulled out his cock, and I sprang around just in time to see an arc of spunk shoot out and splatter across my neck and breasts.

I delighted in slowly rubbing the warm sticky liquid over my boobs and then licking my fingers clean right in front of him! I don't think Peter had seen anything quite like it before, but it certainly had the desired effect on him. He was rock hard in seconds and we quickly repeated the whole thing again! Peter and I still see (and shag!) each other regularly whenever he can make it up to Edinburgh and I'm just happy that we have managed to get it together after all this time!
– Annabel, Edinburgh



IN AND OUT

Your guide to what's hot and what's not...

IN	OUT
All-seater stands	sitting down in them
Scrapbooks	Polaroids
Partick Thistle's kit	Chelsea's kit
Being nice to your Mum	hating everyone else
Beth Jordache	Liz Hurley
Tonic trousers	cycling shorts
The Freak Brothers	*The Blues Brothers*
Womad festival	Reading festival
The Madonnas	House of Love
Chinese action movies	Dutch 'action' movies
Turnpike Lane turnip	Camberwell carrot ♣

THREE TIMES BETTER

I've been seeing my girlfriend, Linda, for about six months now. I first met her in the bar of the college where I study in the year above her. Although she has admitted I'm her first boyfriend, Linda is far from being a shy wallflower and is, in fact, a right nymphomaniac! I'm certainly not complaining though, but some of her recent behaviour was enough to raise even my eyebrows...

Linda confessed to me a while ago that she wanted to arrange a threesome, and one night last month we went out to a local bar in town for a drink. After scouting around and checking out the talent, Linda spotted a very handsome young man and I watched as she walked across and started chatting him up.

A few minutes later, she came back over to me and introduced him as Mark. "I've made it quite clear what we expect of him," she whispered. "Are we on then?" I nodded and then the three of us quickly finished our drinks and headed back to our place. Once inside the flat, we all made polite small talk before the real fun began. I made the first move by sitting down beside Linda and then casually pulling her flimsy blouse down and then sucking on her breasts.

Mark positioned himself on the other side of Linda and did exactly the same. Linda was groaning loudly and her head moved from side to side as she took turns to kiss us both.

Linda then slowly reached down and placed a hand on both of our crotches, tantalisingly rubbing up and down the outlined shafts of our dicks. "Mmm, you're both very hard, aren't you?" she giggled. "How about letting me see those big cocks of yours?" On Linda's instructions, we both stripped off and she looked incredibly pleased when she saw the size of Mark's cock; at least eight inches long and throbbing with a glistening purple head!

While Mark licked and sucked on Linda's tits, I dropped to my knees and yanked her knickers down over her legs, stopping only briefly to inhale the musky smell of her pussy. Easing apart her swollen pussy lips, I gently pushed a couple of fingers up her juicy pussy and began to frig her. Mark stood up and offered his thick cock to Linda's mouth and she smiled sweetly as she peeled back his foreskin and began to run her tongue up the underside of his shaft. I nodded my encouragement as she sucked his thick cock deep into her mouth, then I lowered my head and began to lick her pussy as hard as I possibly could.

Linda writhed around wildly, her hips bucking off the sofa, and then she suddenly pulled Mark's dick out of her mouth and began vigorously wanking him off. Her hand was a blur as it went up and down his shaft, then I watched gleefully as Mark's face contorted. "I'm coming," he said.

In an instant, Linda moved her mouth to Mark's dick and swiftly clamped her lips around his twitching tool and greedily gulped down his load! For the next three or four hours, Mark and I both got well and truly

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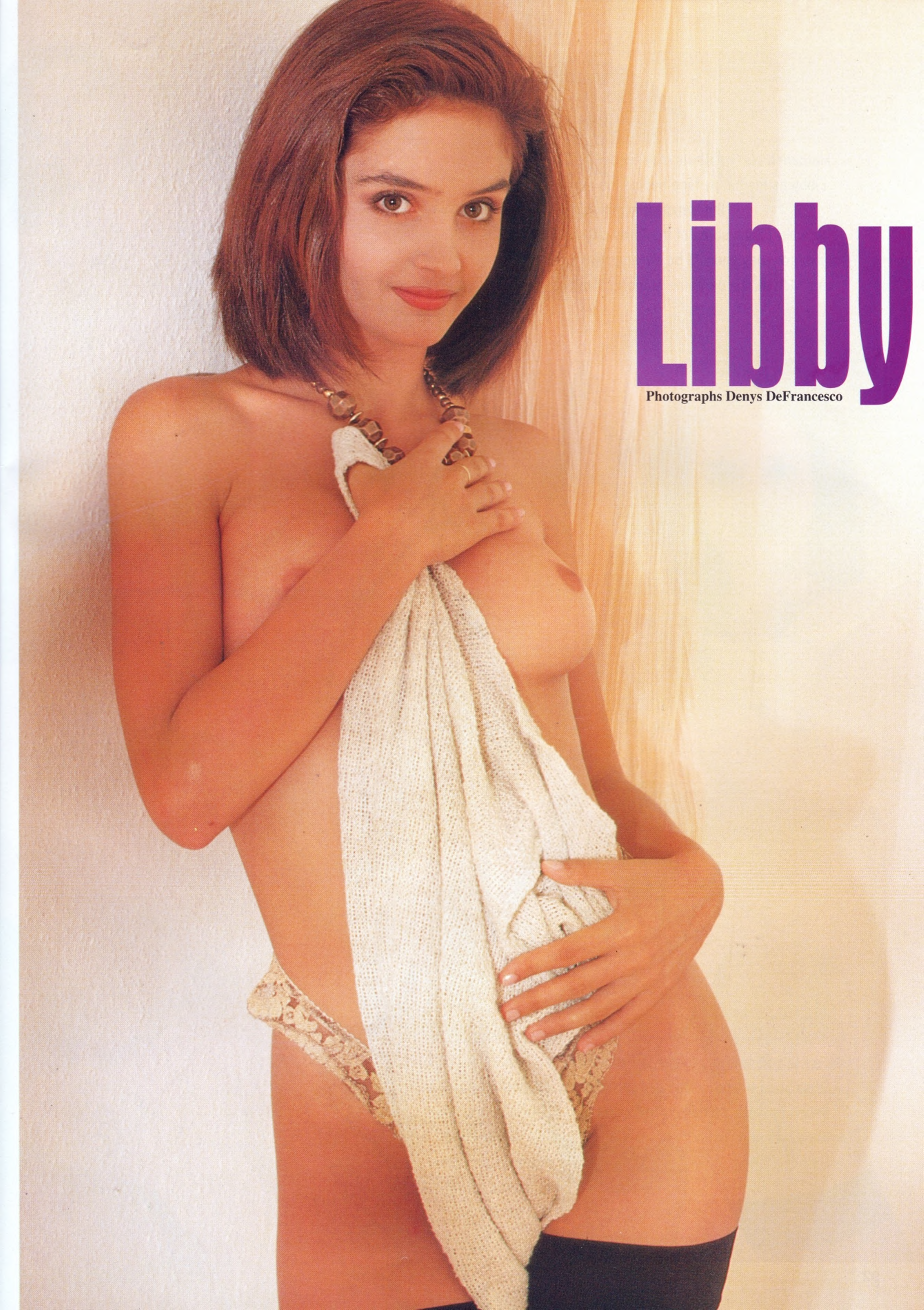

Libby

Photographs Denys DeFrancesco

Hardened party animals may recognise 21-year-old Libby as the happy face behind the bar at some of the trendiest nightspots in London.

“Actually I think some of the fellas only come to the clubs ’cos they know I'll be serving drinks behind the bar,” admits the part-time student. “I've even known

guys to travel for miles just to catch a glimpse of me in my tight top, mini-skirt and stockings!

"Saturday nights are definitely the best," she purrs with a wicked grin. "I usually spend the whole night pulling things for blokes – of course, I serve drinks too. And I always make sure my customers get good head..."

We'll drink to that, Libby! ♣

COMING IN club

TURBO BABE BONANZA!

Boom! Boom! Shake the bedroom, with juicy Judy and her turbo-charged tits! Yes, Judy's just one of the gorgeous new girlies who's waiting to slip your cock between her jugs and cream all over her face in next month's issue! Why? Because she wants you to, that's why! And what better reason could there be for doing anything? So don't listen to people who buy The Radio Times, do what you want to do and buy Club. It's a right good wank.♣

Volume 23 Number 12 on sale November 3rd

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in the bag

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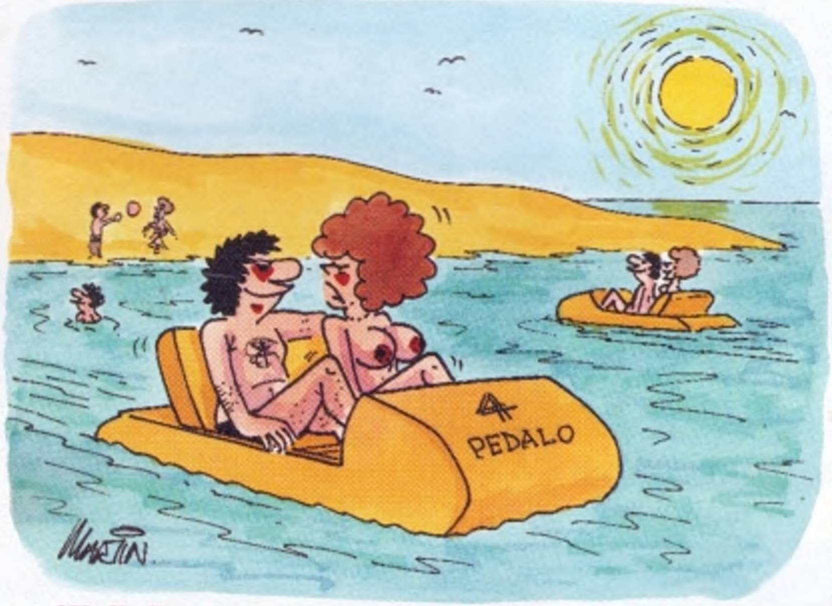
stuck into Linda, fucking her in every available position we could think of... and a few more besides! I don't think I'll ever forget that night, and I'm glad to say that Linda is trying to arrange another threesome soon – if she persuade Karen, her best friend, to join the two of us! I can't wait... – *Chris, Derby*

LESBIAN LOVERS

I've been a fan of your magazine for three years now after my ex-boyfriend introduced me and I felt I had to write in and tell your readers about the most amazing discovery I made recently – lesbian sex!

My name is Miranda, I'm 21 years old with a 35-24-34 figure, long brown curly hair and brown eyes. I split up with my boyfriend a few months ago and was feeling thoroughly depressed. To be honest, I probably spent more time in the pub than was healthy for me, but it was at my local that I met Justine. She works as a barmaid there and we became pretty good friends. She was a great laugh and she soon made me forget all about my ex-boyfriend, and she didn't seem in a hurry to pair me off with another man – I soon discovered why!



Well, I've never heard of the 'Mile Out Club'!

Last Friday night, I went down to see Justine just before closing time. We had arranged to go out afterwards and as she closed up the pub, I nipped into the toilets to reapply my make-up. I was only in the toilets a few seconds before Justine came in. "How you doin', gorgeous?" she laughed. "You're looking great tonight. I could quite fancy you myself!" I laughed, then looked to see Justine slowly eyeing me up and down.

"Listen, Miranda," she said quietly. "I'm feeling a little tired tonight. How about grabbing a bottle of wine and heading back to my place instead of going out?"

I was a little disappointed, but I agreed to go back to Justine's place. We left around midnight and Justine opened up the wine and we sat chatting away, all the time getting nearer and nearer to each other on the sofa.

Suddenly Justine moved right beside me and looked straight in my eyes. "You know the real reason why I've brought you here?" she said.

I shrugged. "For a drink?" I answered.

"Not exactly," she said. "Look I'll be blunt, I fancy you like mad!"

I blushed, but before I had a chance to say anything, Justine took me by the hand. "Come with me," she said.

She led me upstairs to the bedroom and sat me down on the bed. Then she slowly began to strip off her clothes in front of me. "You look beautiful," I stammered, feeling my nipples harden and my clit tingle at the sight of her naked body.

She patted the bed and asked me to join her. As I sat down, Justine suddenly moved onto the floor in front of me and knelt down. She slowly eased off my shoes and peeled my black stockings down my legs. I've never had another women undress me before, but within minutes I was completely naked – and more turned that I've ever felt before in my life! I was speechless as I lay back on the bed and Justine started kissing my nipples and slowly working her hands over my stomach.

I was moaning softly now and running my hands through her long hair, pushing her head down and urging her to lick my cunt. With a quick dart of her tongue she was in, licking up and down my slit. She lifted her head a little and then began to concentrate on my clitty, inserting two fingers at the same time. I orgasmed almost immediately, my cunt muscles gripping her fingers as I climaxed.

After a few seconds, she slid back up to me, her face glistening with my juices and we kissed. I could taste my own juices on her mouth and it drove me wild with lust! Pulling Justine onto the bed, I flipped her onto her back and eagerly dived between her legs, parting them and feverishly licking at her warm pussy. I slurped away at her clitty until she screamed out loud she was coming. It was marvellous!

I just couldn't believe how natural it all felt for me. I was so turned on and I made Justine come two or three times before I stopped. We collapsed into each other's arms and fell asleep after that – only for us to wake three or fours later and do the same thing all over again! Needless to say, after that little episode I forgot all about my old boyfriend and Justine and I are now a happy couple! – *Miranda, Reading* ♣

WARNING: We would like to warn all potential customers that this advert does not feature normal hard sex hetro videos. It features much more extreme and way out sex featuring unusual models — the younger female, pregnant women, older women and even our famous film [redacted] Love Farm! The state of some of the models and acts they perform may shock you. Be warned . . . *Do not purchase is you are shocked or easily offended.*

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[redacted] *Love Farm £29.95*

THIS video has changed hands for over £150 in Soho. We cannot describe its hard action contents fully here, but we believe the title says it all. This video is the only one of its type available in Britain today that we know of. If this subject is your thing, you will never see a harder, more explicit example of this exciting sexual topic — **only for the most unshockable viewer. It's unbeatable.**

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HARD, explicit and graphic. Women over 40, and 50 and even over 60! Some are fat, some are thin, all are experienced and dirty. The sex is incredible, full sex, A and O with plenty of splash — loads of old fashioned underwear (including corsets and directoire knickers). **These are the horniest grannies in Europe and they're out to prove it! They've had years of sexual experience.**

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A VERY popular fetish is the bald beaver, and yet this is the only video we've found with true close-up and variant clipping and shaving action. The girls do it to themselves, to each other and also the blokes get a go. **Just for good measure it ends up with a truly explicit close-up shaven shafting extravaganza. Truly magnificent hairless muffs as smooth and hairless as a billiard ball.**

Lady's Doctor £24.95

AGAIN we can't go into much detail in this magazine, but we all know what we're talking about here. We have sold this very specialist film for £200 in Soho and Amsterdam. Do not buy this video unless you know just what to expect from the ultimate adult, games of doctors and nurses. **This video was intended to shock — and it does! It won't be around for long — buy it today!**

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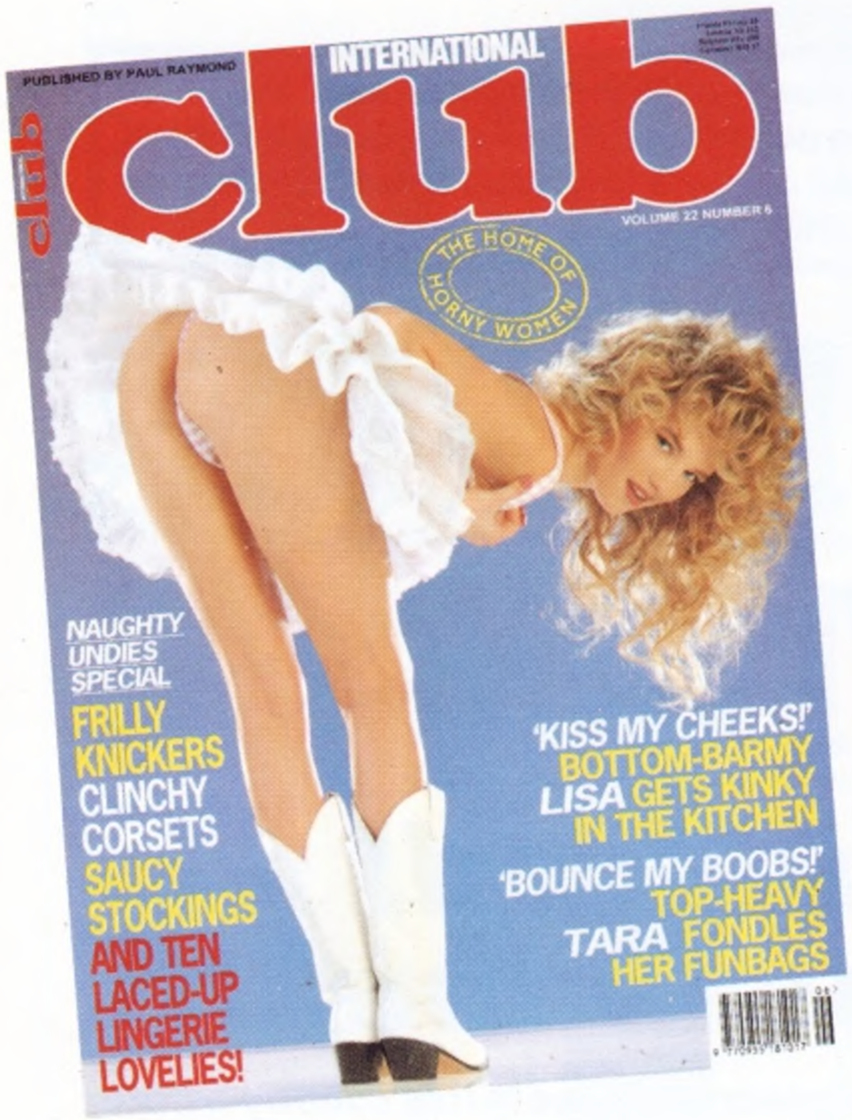
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